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A LITTLE WHILE.

SUCH a little while, such a little while !
At our own inconstancy should we sigh or smile ?

Blind and deaf the tyrant, Love, who rules our inner life ;
He neither heeds nor hears the toss and tumult of the strife.

Raising one to sure calm height, to dash another down ;
Gathering flowers from new-made graves, to wreath the bridal crown.

Blessing here with perfect faith, tender, strong and true ;
Blighting there some radiant bloom, fresh blossoms to renew.

Wrenching purest ties in twain, wounding, searing, healing —
All the weakness of our hearts day by day revealing.

Helpless human life goes on, as the wheel revolves,
Passing our poor struggles o'er, crushing our resolves.

What avails to strive or wail ? better to beguile
Each swift hour, with all it gives — for a little while.

Gather roses while they blow, catch the sunbeams passing ;
Every moment, shine or shade, the great stream is glancing.

Such a little while ago, such a little while !
And I dreamt that life was lit but by your joyous smile.

Such a little while ago, and you thought or swore —
Given a loving look of mine, and hope would ask no more.

Now, can you quite remember your glory in your choice ?
Can I recall the old sweet thrill that answered to your voice ?

In sooth, we scarcely can, dear ; all passed like April's smile ;
Such a little while ago, such a little while !

We'll owe it kindly memories, that happy dream we dreamt ;
It had no inner claim to be from Love's strange laws exempt.

Yet recollect it tenderly, for in its brief bright reign
Was many a joy whose subtle charm we shall not find again.

The spell was woven deftly, it was potent to beguile ;
Such a little while ago, such a little while !

Victoria Magazine.

TOGETHER.

BABES that on a morn of May,
Laughing, in the sunshine play ;
Babes to whom the longest day
Seems to fly !

Babes to whom all things are toys,
Life a sweet that never cloy,
Home a fount of simple joys,
Never dry.

Babes so bright, so blest, so fair,
With dimpled cheeks and golden hair ;
Can they be — that happy pair ! —
You and I ?

Babes no longer, now they stray,
Girl and boy, beside the bay
On a sunshine holiday —
Fond, but shy.

Smiles are many, words are few,
Hearts are light, when life is new
And eyes are bluer than the blue
Of the sky.

Laughing schoolboy brave and free,
Little maiden fair to see
Gath'ring seaweed — can they be
You and I ?

Boy and girl are man and wife ;
Hand in hand they walk for life ;
Peace and joy be theirs, and strife
Come not nigh !

Wand'ers by the eternal deep
Whose shores are time, so may they keep
Together, and together sleep
By-and-by !

Sleep in death when day is done,
Wake to life beyond the sun ;
One on earth, in Heaven one —
You and I !

All The Year Round.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk ; whose inroad nowhere scales

Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight

Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.

O smallest among peoples ! rough rock-throne
Of freedom ! warriors beating back the swarm

Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora ! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm

Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Nineteenth Century. ALFRED TENNYSON.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

RELATION OF MIND AND BODY.*

THE increasing circulation of works such as those named at the head of this article is of itself sufficient evidence that the influence of the bodily organization on the play of thought has now come to be a question of pressing interest and importance. The time has gone by when the study of the nature of thought and feeling was held to be as completely dissociated from that of changes undergone by matter, as, in the judgment of the ancient astronomers, the causes of movement in the heavenly bodies were from the laws of motion prevailing in this lower world, and when the idea was scouted that any light could be thrown on such a metaphysical subject as the philosophy of mind by the practical observations of the anatomist and physiologist, which dealt only with the tangible fabric of the body. That the mind controlled the body was, of course, always admitted — this governing power, indeed, was held to be one of its chief functions; but that the bodily organization determined the play of mental action, if allowed at all, was recognized only in extreme, or what we might call aberrant cases — that is to say, while its *morbid* influence in deranging the normal state of mind pressed itself ever and anon on the conviction of men, with a force that could not be resisted, this did not lead them to acknowledge its ordinary and regular play as a factor in the development of mental action.

To those occupied with introspective investigations into the laws of thought and feeling, the direct observation of the phenomena of consciousness generally indeed proved so exclusively absorbing, that the part taken by the bodily organs in the process was overlooked; and though it might be admitted in a general way that the brain is the organ or instrument of the mind, the attempt to carry out in detail an inquiry into the nature and extent of their

association met with anything but a cordial reception from the majority of psychologists. Their conviction, perhaps, of the unity of the mind prepossessed them against the supposition that its operations could be effected by the conjoint play of the various parts which go to make up the complex structure of the human brain.

Add to this that the progress of physiology is confessedly far less advanced here than it is in regard to any other part of the body, and that, too, not only as regards the functions of particular organs, but also as to the molecular changes associated with nervous action generally. Such molecular changes as occur in nerve tissue are of far too subtle a nature to be made cognizable to our senses by any appliances as yet at our command. Their actual occurrence, though not to be doubted, is entirely a matter of inference, and as no connection of a definite nature can be demonstrated between them and the concomitant mental action, this has indisposed many thinkers, whose attention has not in other ways been turned in the direction of physiology, from observing that intimate relation between the two classes of phenomena, which is so clearly indicated by scientific research. Hence, till a very recent period the specific action of the brain was lightly passed over by the approved writers on physiology; while the very idea, when it did crop up, that a gross bodily structure could have any share in the play of thought, was regarded by many not only as irrational, but, one may almost say, as impious and heretical. Such sentiments, there is reason to believe, still linger pretty extensively among the literary classes, and present the greatest obstacle to that impartial consideration of the question which is necessary for an intelligent comprehension of the real nature of mental action — such as will enable us to see either the true force of the physiological arguments, or the points where, by their perversion, they militate against sound views in philosophy, religion, and morality. It is not, therefore, going out of our way to bring under review a short summary of the grounds on which physiologists contend that the brain is the organ of thought, in the sense that the mental action of ordi-

* 1. *Mind and Body*. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. London, 1876.

2. *Mental Physiology*. By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1876.

3. *The Physiology of Mind*. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London, 1876.

mary life in all its phases is associated with certain molecular changes in the cerebral substance.

The peculiar feelings referable to the interior of the head which accompany intense thought, afford, perhaps, of themselves a certain presumption in favor of the brain being concerned in the process, but can hardly be held to go farther than this in the way of evidence, as the peculiar bodily state of which we are conscious may possibly be nothing more than a collateral accompaniment of the mental work — both depending on some other agency. Of this we have an illustration in the excitement of the heart's action by states of mental feeling, where the connection is so marked as to have given rise to the universal belief, in the early ages of thought, that this organ was the direct seat of emotion — a belief which, though without any physiological basis, has left an indelible mark on the popular phraseology of all races of men. Passing over this, therefore, we may briefly refer to the following as more tangible grounds for inferring the dependence of mental action on the play of the cerebral organs.

It is admitted on all hands that any capital injury to the brain arrests all manifestation of thought; but this would not of itself settle the point, as in most cases it also puts an end to life, for the brain plays an important part in most vital processes as well as in those of thought and feeling. Thus it is the seat, directly or indirectly, of the springs of the heart's movements, and of those of respiration, the arrest of either of which is presently fatal. The loss of blood resulting from decapitation would of itself indeed be the cause of immediate death in any warm-blooded animal.

Now, though the play of the functions of life is necessary for the manifestation of thought, yet, as universal experience shows that thought and feeling are not constantly in an active state during life, but are regularly suspended for a time in its ordinary course during the intervals of sleep, it might fairly be argued that the converse may hold good — that thought, though no longer capable of being evidenced by the inert body, may yet go on after death all the same as before, so far

as its own mode of internal development is concerned. And in a certain sense, indeed, this is a point which physiologists are nowise concerned to dispute. Their line of research being limited to the actions of the material body during the present life, it is quite out of their way either to affirm or deny anything about the action of the disembodied spirit in another state of existence.

In the present constitution, however, of human nature there is pretty conclusive evidence to show that the course of thought may be stopped by injury to the brain, even when this is followed up by such treatment as staves off for a time the fatal issue; for as the persistence of vitality depends on the complex association of various actions, and death ensues from the arrest of some throwing the others into disorder, it is quite possible to keep life going for a time, even after severe injuries to the brain, by carrying on artificially those processes which would otherwise come to a stop. Thus, by the alternate inflation and compression of the chest, as in what is termed *artificial respiration*, the circulation of the blood and other functions of organic life may be kept up long after consciousness is gone.

Then, again, it is well known that the different parts of the brain have not all the same office, and that those in particular which are implicated in the most necessary vital actions are quite distinct from those concerned in the processes of thought, which last function seems to be confined to the surface of the cerebral hemispheres — that large expanse of convoluted nervous matter, overlying the ganglionic bodies at the base of the skull, which is so prominent a feature in the human brain, though more or less deficient in those of the lower animals. Now, apart from the difficulty and danger of the operation required to expose this surface, injuries inflicted on it, while they have a remarkable effect in abolishing consciousness, produce little or no impression on the lower functions of life, of which the underlying masses of a ganglionic nature — so little conspicuous in our own species — are the real cerebral centres; one of them in particular, near the root of the spinal cord, being so all-

important in this respect, that it was designated by its discoverer, Flourens, the knot of life (*nœud vital*), as its division or compression causes instant death, though all the other parts of the brain are left intact.

Experiments of this kind, though unpleasant to contemplate, are certainly instructive on the point in question; but it does not really require any such appalling process of vivisection to show that thought and consciousness, as they occur in the present constitution of our nature, are absolutely dependent on the integrity of this part of the substance of the brain. Natural malformations of the head, accidental injuries, and morbid seizures conclusively prove that consciousness and the power of thought are never present when this part of the brain is wanting or disabled, though the other functions of life may be comparatively little affected.

A case mentioned by the late Sir Astley Cooper as "one of the most extraordinary which ever occurred," affords an extreme but perfectly credible illustration of such an abolition of consciousness for an unusually prolonged time, reminding one of the tale of Rip Van Winkle.* A man of the name of Jones, who had been found on board his ship in the Mediterranean in a state of insensibility in June 1799, was admitted on May 9, 1800, into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of unconsciousness. Being operated on by Mr. Cline, he gradually recovered, and when questioned as to the last thing which he remembered, it was taking a prize in the Mediterranean the year before; so that he had lived a year unconscious of his existence. It was observed, during his continuance in this state, that when in want of food or drink he would grind his teeth or suck his lips; and this is quite in accordance with what is now fully admitted by physiologists, that many actions commonly regarded as expressive of sensation are really of an automatic kind, and follow directly on certain co-related impressions on the body, even when proper sensation and consciousness are wholly absent. Such reflex actions,

indeed, are often displayed more palpably in cases where the peculiar functions of the brain are in abeyance, from the removal, as it would seem, of that control which in the normal state of the system we exercise over them through that organ.

But the dependence of thought on cerebral action may be more closely brought home to us by our personal experience, inasmuch as we are all daily subject to a regular intermission of consciousness in the form of sleep. Now sleep has been clearly shown by physiological evidence to be attended by a marked diminution in the quantity of blood traversing the minute vessels of the brain, which is more urgently dependent than any other organ on a constant fresh supply of this fluid, to keep in action those molecular changes necessary for the discharge of its special functions. This is so essential that in some animals, as the rabbit — where the anatomical structure affords special facilities — a state of stupor may be induced at once by pressure on the upper part of the neck, so as to arrest simultaneously the flow of blood in all the vessels going to the brain. If this be long continued it passes on into death, but if speedily intermitted consciousness returns, and the animal resumes its former activity.

This dependence of the brain — like other organs of the body — on the state of the circulation, is shown also by the effect of changes in the condition or quality, as well as by fluctuations in the quantity of blood sent through the vessels, so that we have a ready method of influencing its operation, by the introduction into the system of various medicinal substances, some of which have an exciting or stimulant effect, while others act as depressors or narcotics, and others, still, such as vinous liquors, induce these two apparently opposite effects in succession, by reason, it would seem, of their disturbing the nice balance, which exists in the healthy state between the play of different parts of the complex nervous system. The narcotic influence of some drugs admits of such management that their administration may be pushed far enough to induce a state of utter unconsciousness, without arresting

* The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S., on the Principles and Practice of Surgery. By Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. (London, 1824), vol. i., p. 312.

the processes of the organic life of the body, or preventing the return of full mental activity as soon as these processes have eliminated the poison from the system.

The effect of these agents in abolishing mental power for the time is absolutely irresistible, when once the system is brought fully under their action; but almost as much may be said of the subduing influence of mere nervous exhaustion, when it becomes excessive, from long-continued exertion. The strongest efforts of the will are incapable of resisting the drowsiness which then creeps over us. This every student must have learned from his own experience during the progress of a course of hard reading. And it is curious to observe that it is the higher powers of the mind that seem to be the first to fail. One can read a light book with comfort, after he can no longer follow out a train of argument. One may even go on reading mechanically when the words taken in by the eye no longer give rise to any connected sequence of thought; he may force his eyes to follow the lines of print, and even pronounce the words aloud, to ensure his eyes doing their part, when he can no longer force his mind into an attitude of attention, so that he utterly fails to form any rational conception of the ideas they ought to suggest. By-and-by even this power over his actions fails him, and his auditor, if he has one, looking up to see what has caused the sudden stop in the middle of an inarticulate word, finds his companion sunk in profound sleep.

Nature has moreover provided for us, ready to hand, in the organization of the lower animals, a series of comparative illustrations quite as instructive as any which could be derived from physiological experiment, in proof of the position now contended for, of the dependence of mental action on bodily structure, in the present constitution of our being. Throughout the whole range of vertebrate animals, from the lowest fishes to those higher species which come nearest human kind, is to be observed a regular series of increasing complexity of structure and larger proportional size of the brain, which bear a very obvious relation to the capacities of the animal for sensation and determinate action. The physical powers of the species at the bottom of the scale can be compared only with those concerned with such automatic actions in ourselves as breathing or winking, while in the higher forms they take a character which

can hardly be denied to present some of the features of true mental action.

We have further this important physiological argument for ranking mental action as one of the proper functions of our bodily organism, that every marked exercise of thought, every powerful effort of the will, and every marked excitement of feeling, can be shown to be followed by a waste of brain substance, as indicated by the appearance in the excretions of the products of its decomposition. This is quite as observable as that attending on the active discharge of other functions, such as muscular exertion. The latter gives rise to an increase in the discharge of carbonic acid in the breath, which, according to Dr. Edward Smith, affords a very exact measure of the amount of energy put forth; but the mental work may be gauged with equal distinctness by the increased excretion of phosphates, the phosphoric acid of which is undoubtedly derived from the brain, whose substance is much richer in phosphorus than any other tissue of the body. Indeed as concerns the physiological relations of thought in the present constitution of our nature, no reasonable exception can be taken to the famous dictum of the German School, "*Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke*," for whatever be the objections to which some of their ulterior conclusions may be open, in so far at least it is merely the expression of the results of actual observation.

But of all the grounds for associating mental work with the play of the cerebral organs, the most telling perhaps is that afforded by the study of insanity—the morbid action of the brain, as shown in mental aberration, affording, as might be anticipated, the strongest corroborative evidence of the dependence of the healthy play of thought on its normal working. The physiology of insanity, indeed, is a subject which will, no doubt, before long receive its due share of attention in the pages of this review, for its importance, both in a social and a legal point of view, is every day being pressed more forcibly on the public mind; and its claims to consideration can hardly be deemed of inferior weight in the religious and theological aspects of the question. The subject is one in which there is a very marked discrepancy between the growing convictions of medical men and the established dicta of the legal profession, from which public opinion naturally takes its cue—more from a sort of conservative inertia than from any intelligent examination of the question. To go into it at present, how-

ever, would carry us beyond our limits and lead us away from our proper object; we must therefore refer our readers to the work of Dr. Maudsley on responsibility in mental disease,* as giving an able abstract of the opinions held by those members of the medical profession who are credited with adopting the most "advanced views" in this respect, only guarding ourselves against being understood to endorse all his statements even as to matters of fact, while we dissent entirely from some of his theories.

Without accumulating further evidence on the subject, we think it may fairly be concluded from what has been already advanced, that, in the present constitution of our nature, mental action is always accompanied by changes in the substance of the brain. And that this applies, not only to the external manifestation of mind, but even to some at least of the conditions of its inner working, is shown by the failure as well of the power as of the consciousness of present thought, and by the loss of memory of the past, which ensue on certain injuries to the nervous substance, or on arrest of its functions from other causes.

Some of the facts recorded by medical writers, bearing on the partial loss of memory from cerebral affections are particularly instructive in this respect, as they go to prove that local injuries are frequently followed by a total failure in the ability to recall certain particular words or classes of ideas, while in all other details the memorial power may remain as perfect as ever. The subject is far too extensive to enter on at large here, but one cannot help the remark in passing, that these cases strongly suggest the notion that one office at least of the brain is to serve as a register of past impressions, from which by some complex system of lines of intercommunication, comparable to our telegraph wires, we can call up at pleasure anything once inscribed there — just as by a well-arranged index we can refer to any particular jotting in a note-book or memorandum. The instances of partial failure just mentioned remind us of cases in which some leaves of the book have been defaced, while a general haziness of memory — a much more common defect — is suggestive rather of an imperfect state of the index than of anything amiss with the jottings themselves — the memorial record exists in the mind, but it cannot be recalled with sufficient readiness.

* International Scientific Series, vol. viii. (H. S. King and Co.)

Without venturing to assert that cerebral action runs parallel with the *whole* course of thought, this at least will probably be contended for by all physiologists, that in cogitation, so much mixed up with material imagery as that of our daily life, we could no more think without a brain than we could see without eyes — we could no more occupy our minds in reflecting on our experiences past or present, than we could communicate our sentiments about them to our fellows without a mouth for speech, or some other bodily organ as a substitute, to set them forth in form of language. As to the future, it is obviously bound up in this with the present and the past, as it is only in contrast with these we can form any conception of it.

All this may be asserted without risk of error. The danger is when we go on to push or apply our conclusions beyond that phase of human nature of which we have actual experience. Anatomical and physiological investigations, it may be conceded, afford us no ground for concluding the existence of spirit save as embodied in a material framework; but *neither do they prove anything against it*. They merely bring us to this confession of our ignorance — that if in other natures spiritual beings exist apart from matter, or if after the death and decay of our bodies, the spirit still remains in an active and conscious, though disembodied state, we know nothing of the *mode* of their existence and action, and that our reasons for believing in either the one or the other are not based on any evidence of a *sensible* nature. There is nothing here to conflict with the teachings of the theologians, who are well agreed that our belief in the existence and activity of angelic spirits or of the souls of the departed, is based solely on grounds of revelation, and that beyond the comparatively few particulars actually revealed to us on the subject, we have nothing but vague conjectures which are not always even consistent in themselves.

And here we should be very careful not to mislead ourselves by our employment of language which is confessedly metaphorical. Seeing and hearing when applied to disembodied spirits — as when used of the Deity himself — can only be held to mean modes of cognition, suggested to us by the part played by our own organs of sense as inlets of knowledge; and in fact theologians, when pressed to explain how the angels or the saints departed can become aware of our

state, have no resource but to fall back on the position that they, as it were, see this reflected "*in speculo Trinitatis*" — that is to say, that in some way incomprehensible to us, it is made known to them by God.

So far our argument has been that mental action, in our ordinary life, always implies concomitant changes in the material substance of the brain, but as this conclusion, once admitted, opens up a large class of questions of deep interest, it is hardly fair to broach the subject without giving these some consideration, though in regard to many of the points, we are not yet in a position to make very definite statements.

There are two aspects in which we may regard the views opened up to us by an admission of the dependence of the play of thought on the action of the brain. We have first the scientific question, whether we can follow up the general assertion of the part which the brain, as a whole, takes in mental work, by assigning proper organs in its complex structure to the several faculties of the mind, or at least by indicating what functions may be performed by the different parts of the brain in developing the phenomena of thought and feeling. This question is the more important as the answer to it cannot but modify in some degree our whole system of mental philosophy, even if it does not revolutionize it so far as does the popular system which goes under the name of phrenology. But the moral question opened up will naturally have more interest to the readers of this review, as it brings under consideration what bearing the doctrine of cerebral action in thought has on our freedom of will and powers of self-control, our ideas on all which points must necessarily hinge very much on the view taken of the true relation of mind and body. We will, therefore, touch as briefly on the physiological aspect of the question as is consistent with such a statement of the case as will make intelligible any reference to its leading features involved in our subsequent remarks.

In favor of the idea that the different mental powers have each appropriate parts of the cerebral mass as their special organs, may be adduced the analogy of the several physiological actions of various parts of the lower division of the nervous system, now more or less definitively ascertained. For instance, it is now admitted that the movements of the chest in respiration, of the heart in the propulsion of the blood, of the eyes in vision,

etc., have not only their special nerves as channels of excitation, but also certain parts of the brain necessarily involved in their play. There is, therefore, an *a priori* probability that to the mental functions also certain parts of the brain are specially assigned. Assiduous attempts have been made to determine this point, in the way both of direct experimentation in the lower animals, and of observation of the peculiarities of disposition and character of individuals, in connection with the varied configuration of the brain, as inferred from the external form of the skull — the latter being the basis of the popular system of phrenology. But little light, however, has been thrown on the subject by either of these methods.

The latest experiments, those of Dr. Ferrier — though their value is still disputed — go to extend to the greater part of the brain proper, what had previously been generally admitted as to the lower masses of nervous matter within the skull, namely, that it also is the seat of peculiar reactions whereby impressions made on its substance excite corresponding external movements, only with this difference, that the molecular changes in the cerebral convolutions are attended with that state of distinct consciousness which is known as sensations. That is to say, the brain is not so much the organ of thought proper as of the excitement of the sensations which provide the material of thought, and of the consecutive production of the bodily actions which accompany and promote thought, and avail for its utterance or manifestation. The posterior lobes of the brain and its extreme frontal portion, whose excitation Dr. Ferrier found was not followed by movements, are comparatively small in the lower animals, even in those of advanced development, such as the cat, dog, and monkey, but they attain much larger dimensions in man, and are, in fact, what give the peculiar human character to his head. The convolutions of the frontal region are regarded by Dr. Ferrier as organs for the inhibition or control of the responsive movements referred to, his idea being that for thought and reflection it is necessary that the sensations should not be allowed to discharge themselves at once, as it were, in external expression.* If this view be admitted in regard to the non-excitabile region in front, it would seem reasonable to extend it to the posterior lobes also, which Dr. Ferrier is inclined, though with some dubiety, to

* The Functions of the Brain, p. 232.

regard rather as the organ through which our appetites and internal sensations make themselves felt.* It is with some diffidence that we venture to differ from such an authority, yet we cannot but think that Dr. Ferrier's opinion of the function of the posterior lobes is open to the same objection as the view of the phrenologists presently to be noticed.

The aim of this school, in their exposition of brain action, is much more ambitious than that of any physiologist. They claim to set forth a complete philosophy of mind, associating all its endowments with the masses of brain substance on whose operation they are dependent. But it must be admitted that their conclusions meet with no general favor from physiologists. Various causes have probably contributed to bring on the disfavor with which the system is now regarded in scientific circles. A good deal may be due to the extent to which it has been made by some of its professors to pander to a wretched empiricism and to the shallow conceits of many who have come forward as its advocates, but the main cause of the collapse seems to be that the conclusions of its best writers are largely vitiated by the crudity of their ideas on the subject of the philosophy of mind. As Todd and Bowman, remark, "many of the so-called faculties of the phrenologists are but phases of other and larger powers of the mind, and the psychologist must determine what are and what are not fundamental faculties of the mind, before the physiologist can venture to assign to each its local habitation." †

To this we must add that the exponents of the system in the present day are by no means up to our actual knowledge of the structure and functions of the brain itself, having rested too exclusively on the examination merely of the skull, its external case. Allowing that the discrepancies have been exaggerated between this and the cerebral surface immediately underlying it, it is clear that the form of the skull gives no clue to the proportional development of the parts situated more internally, some of which belong to the same sheet of convoluted nervous matter. The want, too, of sufficient knowledge of the comparative anatomy of the brain has led them at least into one serious error — sufficient of itself to upset their conclusions. We refer to their localizing the animal propensities in the posterior lobes, for

these constitute just that part of the brain which a more accurate acquaintance with the conformation of the organ in the lower animals shows to be deficient in them, and present characteristically in our own species. If this part then has any connection with such propensities, its office must be not to develop but to control their play, as Dr. Carpenter remarks in his criticism of the system.* These and such like discrepancies between the *dicta* of phrenological writers and the results of later investigations into the functions of the brain have led not a few physiologists of note, who once entertained such views, subsequently to give them up. On the other hand, it must be allowed that Dr. Ferrier's observations give some support to the phrenologists in locating the reflective faculties in the frontal region. †

The only conclusions positively warranted as yet in regard to the functions of particular parts of the brain seem to be their ministration to the reception and elaboration of sensory impressions, and the manifestation of mental states by appropriate bodily actions. The instrumentality of the brain in proper thought, or in memory, can as yet be predicated only of the convoluted surface of the hemispheres at large, and is based on the general facts mentioned before — such as the increase of mental power concomitantly with the larger development of brain substance, the loss of consciousness and memory from injury to that organ or interruption of its functions, and the waste of nerve tissue proportionate to the amount of mental work performed.

For the dependence of memory on the integrity of the material substance of the brain there is abundant evidence, though but little success has yet attended the efforts either of physiologists or physicians to connect it with particular parts of the cerebral mass. The probability in fact must be admitted to be wholly against the existence of any local centre for memory, and in favor of its depending on the residuary traces of previous impressions of sensation and feeling, and of the motor efforts consequent thereon, in any part of the brain where these have occurred, and to whatever cause, objective or subjective, they were due.

Admitting, however, that mental phenomena, as they occur in our present state of existence, are associated with, and have their character determined by concomitant

* Ibid., p. 194.

† Physiological Anatomy, vol. i., p. 367.

* British and Foreign Medical Review, October 1846.

† Functions of the Brain, p. 288.

changes in the substance of the brain, different views may still be taken of the nature of this association. On the one hand, we may regard our being as complex, consisting of a conscious and active principle intimately conjoined with the material organism, which it uses not only for the manifestation but probably also for the elaboration of its own processes—the brain in the course of thought taking the part somewhat of the pen of the writer, or the instrument of the player. Mechanical though they be, these appliances furnish no small help in the process of composition itself and are something more than the necessary media of its outward expression. Few, if any, of our most fluent authors or speakers could carry on their continuous current of argument, were it not constantly associated with the concomitant embodiment, as it were, of their conceptions either by the pen or by the organs of voice; and we believe the private history of some of the most celebrated composers shows a like dependence on the accompanying execution of their ideal efforts for the full perfection of their flights of harmony. As the bright idea once enunciated, or the happy musical combination once uttered, seems to afford a fixed basis for farther advance on the part of the composer, so we may fairly imagine that the result of one operation on the part of the active and conscious element of our nature, by being imprinted in the way of a memorial impression on the substance of the brain, acquires a fixity and permanence which enables it to serve as a secure basis in the further progress of thought.

But, on the other hand, we see that a very different view of the relations of mind and body is now put forward and claims to meet with a favorable reception from some of those who have the repute of occupying the most "advanced" position as leaders of the public opinion of our day. This view, so far as we can understand the language of its exponents, involves the denial, or at least is opposed to the admission, of any distinctive spiritual element or principle in our nature. Admitting, as all must, who do not wilfully shut their eyes to what passes without us and to what passes within us, two classes of facts or phenomena—those made known to us by our external senses, and those of which we become aware by our inner consciousness—it would yet allow but one *substance* to which both classes of phenomena belong, a substance which we call material when we have to do with its sensible properties, but which has also the capacity

of manifesting those other properties spoken of as spiritual or immaterial.

Not that this materialistic, or "single-substance doctrine"—as Dr. Bain calls it—is new in itself. It has been revived indeed with fresh energy in our own day, having received a new impulse from the prevalent views as to the so-called "correlation of forces," but even in last century it had a powerful advocate in Priestley. Of the line taken by this writer Dr. Bain gives us, in the work before us, a general summary, of which we have room to quote but a part:—

He shows that matter is essentially gifted with active properties, with powers of attraction and repulsion; even its impenetrability involves repulsive forces. Indeed he is disposed to adopt the theory of Boscovik, which makes matter nothing else than an aggregate of centres of force, of points of attraction and repulsion, one towards the other. The inherent activity of matter being thus vindicated, why should it not be able to sustain the special activity of thought, seeing that sensation and perception have never been found but in an organized system of matter? It being a rigid canon of the Newtonian logic, not to multiply causes without necessity, we should adhere to a single substance, until it be shown, which at present it can not, that the properties of mind are incompatible with the properties of matter (p. 183).

The more recent movement in favor of materialism has arisen in Germany, principally among the professors of the natural sciences; but their views evidently find favor also with some men of mark in our own country, among whom we may fairly reckon the author before us, to judge from the way in which he states their case in the concluding chapter of his work:—

Their handling of it turns partly on the accumulated proofs, physiological and other, of the dependence of mind on body, and partly upon the more recent doctrines as to matter and force, summed up in the grand generality known as the Co-relation, Conservation, or Persistence of Force. This principle enables them to surpass Priestley in the cogency of their arguments for the essential and inherent activity of matter; all known force being in fact embodied in matter. Their favorite text is, "No matter without force, and no force without matter." The notion of a quiescent, impassive block, called matter, coming under the influence of forces *ab extra*, or superimposed, is, they hold, less tenable now than ever. Are not the motions of the planets maintained by the inherent power of matter? And besides the two great properties called Inertia and Gravity, every portion of matter has a certain temperature, consisting, it is believed, of intestine motions of the

atoms, and able to exert force upon any adjoining matter that happens to be of a lower temperature (p. 195).

And again :—

The rapid sketch thus given seems to tell its own tale as to the future. The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity; they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a *double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case (p. 196).

The work done, as Mr. Lewes expresses it, when "viewed from the physical or objective side, is a neural [nervous] process; viewed from the psychical or subjective side, it is a sentient process."*

In an earlier part of his work Dr. Bain, if not so explicit as at the conclusion, in telling us what theory he does adopt in regard to the connection of mind and body, is at least quite decided in repudiating the doctrine of the co-existence in our nature of two substances, a material and an immaterial, "which has prevailed from the time of Thomas Aquinas to the present day," but which "is now in course of being modified at the instance of modern physiology." The view "that the mind and the body react upon each other; that there is constant interference, a mutual influence between the two," is rejected on the grounds that we have no experience of mind apart from body, and that there is in company with all our mental processes an unbroken material succession (p. 130).

Were this view of the nature of mental phenomena restricted to such as are characteristic of the lower animals, it goes in no respect beyond what is strongly maintained by an author of very different proclivities, Professor Mivart. He anticipates the query—

Is it conceivable that the arrangement of matter, in whatsoever conditions, should be the occasion of evoking from potentiality to act a power not only of living and reproducing, but of feeling and sensibly cognizing, of forming associations of sensible images, of connecting therewith various emotions, a power capable of exhibiting the complex instincts of the ant, the fidelity of the dog, and the simulation of reason of the elephant?

He then goes on to say :—

To such objectors I would reply, How can you show that your conception of matter as it exists is adequate? . . . New combinations

and collocations of matter are continually evoking new forms, and presenting to us other powers before unknown to us. What right has any one then to deny the existence in matter of latent potentialities, which experience and reason combine to show are actually now there, and in all probability have been latent antecedently?*

Des Cartes too, as is well known, held animals to be merely sentient automata. But by the author before us and others of his school it is obviously meant to explain in the same way the whole range of the activities of the human mind also.

Now it is undoubtedly the opinion of many able physiologists, in regard at least to the human mind, that we have no satisfactory ground for concluding that cerebral action covers the whole domain of thought, and other conditions commonly referred to the soul; but even granting such a position to be tenable, and allowing that there may be "no rupture of nervous continuity," as Dr. Bain puts it—how this interferes with the concomitant action of soul and body in the present state of our being, we entirely fail to see.

It is true that if thought, as thought, requires, in the present constitution of our nature, the association of corporeal action for its own activity, this activity must cease after the dissolution of our bodily fabric by death, unless in the divine economy some substitute be provided for the bodily organization. But seeing that our main reasons, as believers, for holding the doctrine of the immortality of the soul are the intimations of it in God's revelation, the proportion of faith requires us also to hold that he will supply whatever is needful to carry out his designs in this respect, however impossible it may be for us to form any conception of his method of doing so, save in so far as he has expressly revealed it to us. The faith that gained Abraham so high a blessing, was that when the sacrifice came to be offered, God would provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering; and if our own immortality has to be realized by a like act of faith, doubtless it will also meet with a like recompense of reward. In so far, he has, indeed, given us a revelation of his design towards us, in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body—a doctrine harmonizing, at least to this extent, with the most advanced views of modern physiology, that it represents the united action both of soul and body, as necessary for the full perfection of man's powers, as well mental as corporeal.

* Lessons from Nature, p. 239.

* Problems of Life, vol. ii., p. 459.

All, therefore, that can be said on this subject from the natural point of view is that the tenet of the consciousness of the disembodied spirit cannot be established from the conclusions of science, but, if adopted as an article of faith, must stand on evidence derived from the proper source of faith.

The other materialistic ground of objection, if solid, is more fundamental. It amounts to this, that, as we have no direct experience of mind apart from body — as “we are not allowed to perceive a mind acting apart from its material companion,” we have therefore absolutely no knowledge of its existence.

Matter [as Professor Ferrier makes the materialist say] is already in the field as an acknowledged entity — this both parties admit. Mind, considered as an independent entity, is not so unmistakably in the field. Therefore, as entities are not to be multiplied without necessity, we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is *possible* to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence: which possibility has never yet been disproved.*

This is the stock argument with all materialists, but it seems, not the less, to involve a double fallacy: firstly, in that it assumes sensible demonstration as the only source of knowledge: and, secondly, in an abuse of the Newtonian canon, not to multiply causes without necessity. There may be some reason in maintaining that we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is possible to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence; but some positive evidence is surely first called for in favor of such possibility — it does not meet the case to say that it has not been *disproved*. The difficulty of proving a negation is so proverbial, that in such a matter it may be put out of the question.

It is not merely that the phenomena of thought are different from those of a physical nature, in the sense that the phenomena of chemical action differ from those of mechanics, or of vital growth, though much more widely; but that the kind of difference is such that it revolts our understanding to ascribe them to an essence of a like nature. “Materialism annihilates itself,” as Feuchtersleben remarks, “when it subtilizes so far as to exalt body into mind, and this is the only way to make it think and will.”†

Of course it is possible to regard nature

in such a way as to overlook the difference, but this is not to account for it. If the limit of our philosophy or power of explanation be — as Dr. Bain would seem to put it — to generalize or discern agreement among facts remotely placed, it may be quite true that, though the phenomena of mind and body “have very little in common — though they participate only in the most general attributes, namely, quantity, co-existence, and succession, and even as regards these, their participation is limited” — yet they have this one point of agreement, that they are both subject to our cognition while we are still in the body; but if the admission of this self-evident proposition is to be the furthest limit of our philosophy, it certainly does not carry us much above the level of the simplest child of nature, and hardly bears out the author’s eulogy of the result, that

there is nothing further to be done; nothing further to be desired. Nor have we here any reason to be dissatisfied with the position, or to complain of baulked satisfaction, or of being on a lower platform than we might possibly occupy. Our intelligence is fully honored, fully implemented by the possession of a principle as wide in its sweep as the phenomenon itself (p. 122).

May we, then, have no aspirations after that which is beyond our full vision — no apprehension of truths which defy full comprehension? Must we not only acquiesce in the limited nature of our powers, but absolutely hug the chains which trammel us?

Such a philosophy would repudiate all consideration of efficient causes, as lying beyond the bounds of human knowledge, and therefore beyond the province of legitimate inquiry — a position which is compatible, perhaps, with the prosecution of physical, but hardly with that of mental science. In matter, *as matter*, we look only for phenomena, we do not look for an efficient cause. For the mere purposes of physical science it is *needless* to go at all into the question of an efficient cause, the object of such science being simply to learn the established relations of succession and resemblance among phenomena. It may even be *expedient* at times to limit our investigation to this, confining ourselves for a particular purpose to a particular field of thought, and excluding what lies beyond; for the same subject may be viewed in different aspects, and, for the purpose of obtaining a clear view of one of these aspects, it may be best for the time to exclude others.

* Institutes of Metaphysics, p. 229.

† Medical Psychology, p. 17.

But such a view, though clear, must be limited. We can never build up a *complete* system of philosophy—as the positivists think to do—while we ignore the question of the efficient cause, even of physical phenomena.

With mental phenomena the consideration of causation is still more intimately bound up. As a recent writer observes,—

While we are conscious of the operation of faculties within us, we at the same time feel that they are *our* faculties, that there is a Being, whom we call Self, to whom these faculties belong. We do not merely say, "A thought is taking place," nor even, "Something within me is thinking," but "I think." Every one who reflects for a moment will be aware that when he is conscious of thoughts or acts, he is conscious of them as the thoughts and acts of the Being whom he calls Self. If he has any knowledge of them at all, he knows them as his own thoughts and acts. In other words, he knows himself as thus thinking and acting. . . . The operations of the mind may in some degree be spoken of as phenomena manifesting themselves to our internal sense as consciousness, but they never present themselves as a mere bundle of phenomena, but always in reference to that self, which is the ground and origin of them. They are to me not merely an internal phantasmagoria, but they belong to my mind, of which they are the operations, and by which they are caused. . . . Observe, then, we have arrived at something much more than a mere phenomenon, viz., at a being, the *ground* of the phenomena, and we have also reached something more than the mere relations of succession and resemblance of phenomena, viz., a cause of phenomena, for we are irresistibly led to consider the acts and operations of our mind as phenomena in respect to which we ourselves are agents.*

In the case of all phenomena—both physical phenomena and mental phenomena—if we push the inquiry to the uttermost, we are led on to something beyond the material substance in connection with which the phenomena are manifested, for their true efficient cause; but there is this difference to be observed, namely, that in the latter case, that of the mental phenomena, the cause is in some sense a personal spontaneity of our own. If, then, in the former case a religious philosophy leads us up to the Divine Spirit as the *primum movens* of the physical universe, we are surely but following a sound analogy, when in the case of the latter we conclude that the human self which is interposed, as it were, between the phenomena and the First Great Cause, has so much affinity to

his nature as to take it out of the category of mere material substance.

The positive arguments for materialism are mainly founded on the association of mental with corporeal action, not in some few isolated instances, but in all cases which come under observation, whether we apply this to the animal kingdom at large, or to human nature in particular. Wherever, and in what degree, there are indications of mind, there also we find the co-existence of a proportionally distinct nervous organization, and have evidence of its activity. Particularly striking is this coincidence in the maturation of mental power *pari passu* with the advance of the bodily growth of the child, and, on the other hand, the recurrence of childishness and imbecility in the decline of life, even where there is no absolute perversion of the mental faculties, such as would indicate a misdirection of power really present, by the inappropriate play of the disordered machinery with which it has to work. Does this (says the materialist) look as if the body—necessary as it may be in our present state of existence to the manifestation of the mind—is, after all, merely its instrument, and even, in some respects, more of the nature of a drag on its action?

Even more telling, perhaps, is the argument founded on the failure of our consciousness on the access of sleep. As long as any of the special actions necessary for the performance of the functions of the brain go on, so long some degree of mental capacity remains: but on their cessation utter unconsciousness comes on—to be succeeded, however, by a return of our mental faculties, immediately on the resumption of cerebral activity—either perfectly at once, or after a brief interval of confused thought. If it be argued that our conviction of the loss of consciousness during sleep is due, not to an actual cessation of mental action, but to the want of any memorial impression to assure us of it, from the abeyance of the material organ of memory in the brain, on which an impression may be made necessary to give fixity to the passing states of mind—if the adjunct of a material organ of memory is thus needful to give the spiritual element of our nature that consciousness of continued existence which is essential to our idea of personal identity, what conception can we form of the state of a soul wholly severed from all bodily connection whatever?

We have been anxious to put these points as forcibly as possible, because it is

* Shaw, On Positivism, pp. 21, 23, 25.

never safe to underrate an opponent's strength, and, to our judgment, they are the most powerful weapons in the whole armory of materialism. Whatever view may be taken of the case, the difficulty raised by them is undoubtedly very great.

Is it, however, so certain, as is here assumed, that the play of the brain organs, or *cerebration*, as it has been termed, is co-extensive with the play of the mind? Such, at least, is not the constant teaching of physiologists. Dr. Kirkes, for instance, in summing up the arguments on this point, and setting forth as their general conclusion that "the cerebral hemispheres appear to be the organs in and through which the mind acts in all those operations which have immediate relation to external and sensible things," goes on to say that "the reason or spirit of man which has knowledge of divine truths, and the conscience with its natural discernment of moral right and wrong, cannot be proved to have any connection with the brain;"* that is, in their own proper sphere, for he admits that in the complex life we live, they are often exercised on questions in which the play of the brain is essential to mental action.

May it not be that the one field, as it were, overlaps the other? The brain is but a part of the general nervous system, certain portions of which are concerned with the processes of mere organic, or of animal life, such as circulation, respiration, and locomotion, which come only casually, or not at all, within the province of the mind. Of the play of some of these functions, indeed, we are quite unconscious. The principle of reflex action—that is of motion consequent on nervous impression—so happily applied by Marshall Hall to the explanation of the movements both of organic and animal life, in which the ganglia dispersed through the trunk and the axis of the spinal cord are the centres concerned, has since been extended by Laycock and Carpenter to the higher parts of the brain, associated with proper mental action. In all alike the probability is, that there are, as it were, two parallel sets of phenomena—physical and mental—though not both equally prominent in different cases. In most of the actions of organic life (circulation, digestion, etc.) the consciousness is so little impressed that the movements are unfelt, except either on a morbid strain of introspection—as when the hypochondriac

gets a perverted and mischievous impression of their hidden work—or in consequence of their unusual intensity, as in some inflammatory affections. In those of animal life, we are generally cognizant of their occurrence, but often only in a passive sort of way.* We need probably a voluntary effort to set off a fresh series of such actions, as in walking; but once it is started in a familiar groove the train runs on of itself, while the thoughts may be very differently occupied. And so it may be also, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory of unconscious cerebration, even with the nervous processes in the higher parts of the brain, which form, as it were, the substrata of thought. For it is forcibly contended by this physiologist, that some even of these operations are performed, not only automatically—that is, simply in virtue of the mutual adaptation of the structures concerned—but also unconsciously. The brain, he conceives, elaborates by the play of its own machinery certain results, which come under our conscious cognition only when fully worked out. Of this he gives an illustration in the spontaneous recurrence to the mind, after an interval, of the solution of some difficulty, which we had put aside in despair, after puzzling over it a while to no purpose.

The possibility of these results being evolved in such an automatic or mechanical way, will hardly be questioned by one who considers the working of the so-called calculating engines, or of the clock-work machinery in the bank of England for the numbering and registration of notes, and who bears in mind at the same time the complex and elaborate nature of the tissue of the brain, which in this respect is a veritable microcosm or *multum in parvo*—the array of nerve cells and fibres which are there packed up rivalling both in number and intricacy the telegraph stations and wires not only of the United Kingdom, but probably even of the whole extent of Europe. Dr. Carpenter ascribes this occasional unconscious working of the cerebral mechanism to our attention not being directed to it at the time—

* It is not meant here to imply that the consciousness is associated with the lower nerve centres from which the motor impulse of these actions emanates. It may arise from the consecutive implication of the higher centres which are played on, as it were, by those first impressed. The sensibility of the axis of the spinal cord in itself is disallowed by most physiologists, and that even of the lower centres within the skull is a disputed point. Dr. Ferrier would restrict true sensation to the convolutions of the brain.

* "Handbook of Physiology," 5th edition, p. 472. In the later editions by Mr. Baker this limitation is omitted.

Just as we may not see things which are passing before our eyes, or be conscious of the movements of our legs in walking if our attention be wholly engrossed by our cerebral train of thought, so we may not be conscious of what is going on in our cerebrum, whilst our attention is wholly concentrated upon what is passing before our eyes (p. 15).

Our limits forbid us going further into this curious subject, which Dr. Carpenter has treated at length and with his usual felicity of expression in the work before us. We would not be understood to say that his views are universally accepted, but they seem to be substantially in agreement with those of Liebnitz, Sir William Hamilton, and other metaphysicians of note, and are such at least as cannot be summarily put aside. Anyhow, the extension to the brain of the principle of reflex action—now well established in regard to the lower centres of the nervous system—implies that the reaction of the cerebral substance from the impression made on it by the organs of sense may become at once the cause of appropriate bodily movements which will of course be the expression of thought and feeling, if there is thought and feeling to express, but which may also occur independently of these, when, by diversion of the attention, the appropriate mental state has not been aroused.

When, however, by a proper act of attention, this necessary relation is established between the conscious mind and the cerebral organ, the outgoing changes in the latter, which result in motion, become apparently a source of consciousness as much as the impressions made on it by the organs of sense. In what way either one or other can affect the consciousness is of course quite beyond our comprehension. How any conceivable arrangement of any sort of matter can give us mental states of any kind is equally inexplicable, whatever view we adopt as to the existence or constitution either of mind or body; but admitting as a matter of fact that cerebral changes are followed by mental states, there seems to be quite as much evidence for attributing our ideas and memory of words to the working of the cells and fibres in the anterior region of the brain which represent movements of articulation as in ascribing our notion of the visible picture of nature before us to the molecular changes transmitted to another part of the brain lying farther back from the optical image formed in the eye.*

* Dr. J. H. Jackson, "Physiological Researches on the Nervous System," p. xxxiii.

Anyhow, when the consecutive mental action is once excited, it may well be held to be not merely *sui generis*, but also vastly wider in its range than that of the cerebral organ. If the doctrine of unconscious cerebration be admitted—if it be allowed that brain may act without the conscious mind, in points, which, if not properly mental, are at least ancillary to mental action, may it not be, that in operations more removed from sensible impressions, the spiritual element of our nature works alone—reaching forth, as it were, beyond the scope of that material organism with which it is associated in its lower field of action? The general ideas which inevitably arise in our minds, in consequence of the exercise of our senses, are at once perceived, as Dr. Alison remarks, when the attention is fairly fixed on them, to have an extent of application far beyond what the senses themselves can ever reach. "The notion of time is no sooner formed, than it swells in the human mind to eternity, as surely as the notions of space and number to infinity."*

The same conclusion is forced upon us by the contrast of our own mental faculties with those of the highest of the brute creation. Differing so entirely as they do, not only in degree but in kind—man possessing those moral endowments and powers of abstraction of which we find no trace in the lower animals—we should naturally expect, if these higher faculties were essentially dependent, like the lower, on the play of the cerebral organization, that there would be a corresponding difference between the human brain and that of the animals nearest man in the structure of the body generally. But as a matter of fact it is not so, for the brain of the higher apes differs really less from that of man than from those of the lower mammalia, and the points of distinction, such as they are, consist not in the want of any structure occurring in our own species, but merely in the less development of parts, which are to some extent represented in both.

The weak point we apprehend in the line of argument of the materialists, is that it contents itself with negation, and does not meet the whole case, by failing to take into account the positive evidence we have for the distinct existence of the human soul, because it is not of a kind to yield sensible proof.

It is nothing less than marvellous [as Dr. Mivart observes] to note how completely they ignore all its highest faculties. They are pro-

* Outlines of Physiology, p. 327.

fuse in their elucidation of the power of mere sensation, and the consequent faculties of brutes, as well as of the materials of our own thoughts, but they give us no increased knowledge of our own intelligence itself. Our cat's mind is indeed made clear to us, but not our own. Those supreme conceptions and perceptions of our minds—Truth and Goodness—reflexly contemplated as Truth and Goodness, are simply passed over.*

That the whole range of thought and feeling, known to religious writers as the spiritual life of the soul, should also be ignored, is less surprising. It is indeed with great diffidence that, even in support of the received doctrine, we venture to touch at all on this point, as it is one which none but a spiritually-minded man can handle with effect.

Granted that in the ordinary play of thought there is always some amount of bodily (cerebral) action, yet, from the testimony of those best qualified to speak on the subject, instances must be admitted in which a man is so taken out of himself, as it were, as to pass into a state in which this either ceases to be the case, or in which at least the amount of bodily action bears no proportion to the flight of the spirit. The very nature of meditation on divine things, indeed, is in this way to raise the soul from its corporeal associations, and confer on it an impressibility by spiritual influences, which is otherwise unattainable. "The natural man," we are told, "receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

It would be but consonant to the general laws of physiology to suppose that this increase of spiritual susceptibility, by abstraction from bodily influences, involved a corresponding failure of those powers of sensible perception and memorial retention of which the bodily organization is the special instrument. Hence, though the state of the mind may be permanently altered in consequence, it were no wonder we should be quite at fault in our endeavors to discover how the change is wrought, or to describe the particulars of our experience bearing upon it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." Are we not justified in holding that such a state of matters obtains in all that higher kind of prayer, which is not merely

a petition for some tangible gift—such as one might ask of a fellow-man—but a lifting up of the soul to God, a pouring out of the spirit before him, an actual intercommunion between ourselves and Him in whom we feel ourselves to "live and move and have our being"?

We have selected this case of meditation on divine things as probably the nearest approach we can imagine in this life to spiritual apart from bodily action, but it would seem that the apprehension of the difference in the abstract between right and wrong, and our power of choice and self-control, are essentially of the same kind, though as all these must pass into the concrete, when we have to determine our own conduct, or judge that of others, there must, in practice, be a constant recurrence to that sensible imagery of persons and actions which involves also cerebral changes.

In limiting ourselves here to the experience of ordinary life, we purposely leave out of consideration the whole question of divine communications of a supernatural kind, such as St. Paul speaks of to the Corinthians, and in regard to which he felt himself unable to say whether he was in the body or out of the body. Many delusions there have, no doubt, been in this respect, but it is useless to deny the occurrence of cases for which the evidence is convincing to any candid mind; and it would indicate rather a presumptuous confidence in our own shallow judgment summarily to decide in particular instances how far they are to be explained by the ordinary laws of thought involving cerebral action, or how far they belong to a different and higher sphere. Without questioning there being a vast amount of imposture or delusion in the so-called spiritualistic exhibitions, which have been lately put before the public, one may fairly contend that there may be true spiritual communications as well as false, and that the very prevalence of crafty imposture and superstitious delusion indicates the existence in human nature of something responsive to spiritual impressions, and affords as fair an argument for the existence of a corresponding reality in the spiritual world as our sensations do for the existence of material objects around us. If the illusions on the one hand, to which our senses are liable, do not upset the general veracity of their testimony, no more should such delusions, on the other, be held conclusive against the reality of spiritual entities. And this argument becomes all the stronger

* Lessons from Nature, p. 43.

when we find that the fantastic spiritualism of the present day is rampant just in proportion as the more sober spiritualism of a religious life is discredited. It looks certainly as if human nature were thus avenging itself on the advancing ultra-scepticism of our age, according to the Horatian maxim,—

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

So, too, one might argue as to the spiritual nature of certain dreams, or at least of those singular moral impressions which are felt at times on awaking from sleep. Dreams there have undoubtedly been, through which most deep and lasting moral impressions have been wrought, sometimes with, sometimes without, the distinct remembrance of sensible images. In so far as dreams involve such sensible images, which may even excite us to movement at the time, and which leave a more or less distinct remembrance when we awake, they are generally ascribed to the sleep, though perhaps profound, being but partial—some of the cerebral centres continuing more or less in a state of activity, while others are dormant: But the moral impression left on the mind on awaking is sometimes out of all proportion to the distinctness of the remembrance of the details of a dream; and it is, perhaps, just as feasible to ascribe the latter in certain cases to some spiritual influence so powerfully affecting the soul, as through its agency simultaneously to affect the cerebral organ in the way of a memorial impression.

A question, such as that of the distinctness and spirituality of the soul is one, it must be admitted, which can hardly be discussed without a certain movement of the feelings. This may be deprecated by the philosopher as biasing the judgment; but with most thinkers it is unavoidable, and where it does not take place, there is ground for suspecting that its absence is due to some mental idiosyncrasy which may be in its way as inimical to arriving at a just conclusion. To ordinary minds the question has at least a prospective interest of the most overwhelming importance. A materialistic view need not, perhaps, of itself involve the conclusion of our utter annihilation after death, any more than the prospect of an indefinite extension of a future life need altogether exclude this ultimate issue. As the Buddhists look forward to an eventual *nirwana*, or extinction, as the culminating goal of unnumbered transmigrations, so materialists, like Priestley, have professed their belief

in a resurrection life, while repudiating, as, of course they must, any intermediate state of conscious existence after the dissolution of the body. To most minds, however, the prospect of an untold interval of total oblivion must of itself be sufficiently depressing, and it needs but little acquaintance with human nature to see that in the great majority of cases disbelief in the separate existence of the soul will lead on to doubts as to any life hereafter at all—and, what then? “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

That there are great and embarrassing difficulties in any conception we may attempt to form of the conscious life of the soul, after the collapse of the bodily life, may be freely admitted, but the difficulties of its denial seem to us to be so much greater, that nothing could force its repudiation on a religious mind but a demonstration of its impossibility, which never has, and in the nature of things, never can, be given. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” is the sure reply of the religious instinct, be its logic what it may.

By such an instinct, it would seem, has the Christian Church ever clung to the belief in the continued consciousness of the soul after death; for while it holds a prominent place in her devotional language—as, indeed, it did even in the myths of heathenism—we find throughout the New Testament the doctrine of the immortality of the soul so merged in that of the resurrection life, that few passages can be cited which make definite statements in regard to the former as distinct from the latter. May not the explanation be that while the life and capacities of the soul in a separate state raise a question wholly transcending our understanding, the future glorified life in our risen bodies is a theme on which the imagination can rest in a degree, as it has some affinity in kind with our present composite life, however much we must of necessity fail to realize its fullness of bliss and perfection of power? This, at least, is always the goal to which the sacred writers point. Such expressions as “the glorified spirits of departed believers,” however they may find favor in the popular religious language of the day—whether Protestant or Catholic—are certainly not scriptural.

In full reliance on the boundless power and love of God, the dying Christian may with confidence resign his soul into his Father's hands, though in utter ignorance of the state into which it is about to pass. He may even, when sore wearied with the

trials of this life, the temptations it may be of the flesh, and the infirmities of the corruptible body which "presseth down the soul," be led to exclaim with St. Paul that he longs to depart and to be with Christ, which is much better — "that it is better to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord" — but he will surely go on with him to say, "not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon with our house, which is from Heaven" — not that the soul may be freed from the body, but the body itself freed from the power of sin and death; for the conjunction of body and soul is as fully recognized by the divine as it can be by the physiologist, to be the condition necessary for the perfect action of both.

It is not, therefore, that the body, as such, is a clog to the soul, but that the body, in its present sinful and corruptible nature, is not an adequate instrument for that perfection of action, which the soul may attain in its full maturity; and that the temporary dissolution of the former is a step, in the divine economy, in its progress to a higher perfection. In explanation of death we are referred to the analogy of the germination of seeds — "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

Then, again, in the decline of life, as the mortal body becomes less and less capable of discharging even its present functions, we should naturally expect a concomitant failure in the manifestation of mental vigor, but this tells nothing against the idea that the capacity of the soul itself may be ever on the increase — its development ever tending upwards to that higher part which it has to fill in the future life, as the animating spirit of the glorified body.

If these suggestions of grounds for our conviction of the distinctness of our spiritual essence from all mere corporeal action, are crudely put forward and defectively stated, it does but justify the reluctance we expressed to enter on a topic which, though perhaps not to be left unnoticed, can be satisfactorily dealt with only by a master of the spiritual life — while even such a one might probably find himself embarrassed by the inadequacy of human language, based as it is on sensible images, to express relations of so purely spiritual a kind.

On the most practical and matter-of-fact view of morals, however, the question before us has this important bearing, that it very sensibly influences our estimate of personal responsibility. If our corporeal

and mental actions are but twin concomitant results of the operation of a single essence — that is, of the material substance of the brain and parts associated — they must be held to be determined both alike by the laws regulating the course and succession of physical phenomena, while, if there are two agencies at work, though the final result must still be largely influenced by such laws, seeing that all our actions, while in the body, are so far the acts of the body itself, even those of a specially mental character, still, as the latter are not the acts of the body alone, but also of the soul, they must be farther influenced to some extent by *its* principles of action; and these principles — definite as they doubtless are — may yet be different in many respects from the laws of physical action, and such as to give scope for that conditionality and power of selection which underlie our idea of free will and personal responsibility.

In such an alliance both of the partners must have their say, and if, on the one hand, we may plead the immutable operation of natural laws, on the other we must be answerable for the liberty allowed by the conditionality of moral law. If there are limits — variable or fixed — beyond which the will is powerless to coerce the organic functions of the brain, and if there are natural laws of nervous action, according to which it must be worked, within such limits and subject to such laws the cerebral mechanism may reasonably be held to be as much at the bidding of the animating spirit as the pen is under the command of the writer, the musical instrument of the player, or any other piece of machinery of its overseer. The hypothesis adopted — if, in a purely scientific point of view it must be so termed — affords, we submit, by far the most feasible explanation of the many complex problems of social life; and this consideration alone would warrant its assumption on philosophical grounds, so long as all that can be said on the other side is that no such demonstrative evidence can be given of the separate existence of the soul, as appears convincing to some of our opponents.

Concerning the limits, however, and the degree of responsibility in different cases, there remains much room for legitimate difference of opinion, which can be removed only, if at all, by a free and full discussion of the whole question. The influence of the bodily organization in determining the conduct and character and in modifying the power of self-control,

though it comes out more strikingly in cases of insanity, is no doubt operative in some degree in all men; and it may be freely allowed to affect the moral responsibility of individuals in the sight of God. The extent to which any court of jurisprudence could admit such a plea must of course always be very restricted, but allowance ought certainly to be made in this way in forming our opinions of the conduct of others; for the sake of justice no less than of charity.

It is even still more important that we should form a right estimate of the amount of self-control which we have really in our own power, for there can be no doubt that lax views on this point, and the lack of energy which naturally results from them, are, as a matter of fact, the real causes of much of the misconduct and lawlessness that prevail in the world. It is not only, we should bear in mind, that a man's own disposition will be morally deteriorated by allowing himself in bad habits, over which directly or indirectly he could exercise any voluntary control, but that he may entail the evil results on generations yet unborn; for the balance of mind, on which character so much depends, may be conclusively shown to be influenced very greatly by the conformation and constitutional habit of body derived by hereditary transmission from his parents or even from more remote ancestors. In this sense at least it is a law certainly as wide as human nature itself, that the sins of the forefathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation.

It is in his treatment of this determining power of the will over character, that Dr. Maudsley's teaching on the subject appears to us most defective, from the one-sided view he takes of the question. The will, according to Dr. Maudsley,—who in this seems to follow Hartley and Hobbes,—is nothing else than the appetite or liking put in action after deliberation. Its deliberate character allows scope for the play of different impressions, all tending to influence the final result, which may come in consequence to be very different from what it would have been had the primary impulse passed at once into effect, as in the instinctive actions of the lower animals; but it is no less the necessary result of the combined operation of the several conditions of sensation and feeling which have preceded. That the result cannot always be foreseen is owing merely to the complexity of the antecedent reactions surpassing our powers of calculation, and still more to our ignorance of

many of the factors, and not to any independent act of self-control affecting the balance of the mind. Did we know all the facts and could we solve all the equations involved, the result would come out as rigidly as a problem in astronomy, or any calculation in applied mathematics. It is freely admitted that different men will act differently in the same contingency, but this is not because one, by his personal will, aided by the grace of God, exerts greater moral control than another over the promptings of his animal nature, but because this animal nature is itself so far differently constituted that by the hereditary transmission from their ancestors, and by previous education and training in their own lifetime, the nervous processes give rise to different proclivities in different cases. Rejecting thus the idea of independent self-control, he consistently repudiates also that of moral responsibility. Guilt, of course, in such a view is but a meaningless word, and while social responsibility is admitted in so far that a certain recognition is extended to the salutary influence of penal discipline in preventing crime, punishment is held to be legitimate only as providing a deterring motive, and in no sense as vindictory or called for by an abstract sense of justice.

It is allowed indeed that the old-fashioned figment of moral responsibility has done good service in its day:—

How can men on each occasion be most powerfully instigated to seek good and ensue it, when the balance of personal desires and propensities is commonly on the opposite side? Clearly by inculcating in the most impressive manner possible the doctrine of free will and responsibility, at the same time that are presented to them the strongest motives for moral action that can be fabricated—namely, the most vivid pictures of the unspeakable joys of heaven as the reward of well doing, and the endless torments of hell as the punishment of ill doing. In this way we constrain them at the critical moment by a powerful motive to act rightly, and aim by enforcing the repetition of right acts to foster a habit of acting rightly and to work by degrees a better nature in them; for each moral act, by the law of nervous action which has already been illustrated largely, renders the next more easy, and so the nature is gradually modified. The process is really one of moral manufacture . . . Then the individual is said to have acquired the greatest strength and to manifest the most perfect freedom of will, because he is able to do right in the midst of ever so many temptations to do wrong; and thus the highest freedom of will is cleverly identified with the highest morality. Liberty is the voice of con-

science; conscience is the voice of God, say the theologians.

But in the enlightenment of the end of the nineteenth century, "*nous avons changé tout cela*" — as the Ultramontanes now say of the teaching of Bossuet — for the writer continues:—

It would appear then from what has been said, that the doctrine of free-will, like some other doctrines that have done their work, and then, being no longer of any use, have undergone decay, . . . was necessary to promote the evolution of mankind up to a certain stage. . . . On the one side is the motive to do right, on the other side is the motive to do wrong — the former more difficult, the latter more easy to do; by proclaiming free-will, we strengthen the former motive, while by proclaiming necessity it is clear we should strengthen the latter motive in the unenlightened or inferior person, who with short-sighted ignorance would gladly go the easy way of his passions, rather than the arduous way of his true welfare. The notion of free-will and its responsibilities was necessary, therefore, and perhaps still is, to make for him a higher necessity than the necessity of his passions, but it does not follow that it is necessary for him whom Confucius would have described as the sage or superior person, who looks to the endless consequences of his actions. To him the clear recognition of the reign of law in the human mind will furnish the strongest motive to do right (pp. 419-421).

It is certainly rather singular to find so zealous a champion of the truth against the arbitrary dicta of "theologians" seriously maintaining the utility — nay, the necessity — of basing the education of the bulk of mankind on a doctrine which he goes on to characterize as "an effete superstition, the offshoot of ignorance, mischievously drawing men's minds away from the beneficial recognition of the universal reign of law, and of their solemn responsibilities under the stern necessity of universal causation." On our part we are far from questioning that there is in his argument a certain element of truth. While his language is occasionally needlessly offensive, and his allusive use of Scriptural expressions in contradiction to their obvious meaning is certainly far from edifying, to the substance of most of his *positive* statements we should not in fact care to make objection.

The actions which result from the will may be admitted to differ from those of an automatic and instinctive nature very much on account of their more deliberate character, that is, in the greater number of motive influences which have had a share in their production, and these mo-

tive influences must be allowed in turn to be largely due to the bias given to our mental constitution by hereditary transmission and personal training. What we contend for is, that over all these is the personal will, in the position, as it were, of a judge or one in authority — liable indeed, as is a judge, to solicitation from all sides, but morally bound also, like a judge, to decide according to abstract principles of equity, and free, that is competent, to do so, if not by its own power, owing to the deterioration of our moral nature, yet by the help of divine grace, which is freely given to all who seek it. To those who admit neither a personal God, nor a personal soul, all this is of course but foolishness, but to such as maintain these tenets, this freedom of will, and supremacy of conscience, are not only in full harmony with their belief, but are necessary to give it full consistency.

It is not maintained that all our actions have this active voluntary character — not even all those in which we seem at first to be really following our own inclination. On many occasions it is true that we are passively led by the preponderating motives which affect us at the time; and in the case of what are called weak characters, this is perhaps the common state of matters. But it is no less true that there are occasions in which after full deliberation we elect to follow a course which we perceive to be in opposition to the resultant impulse of all the involuntary attractions and repulsions acting upon us, and make an anti-impulsive effort, as when from the love of God we deny ourselves an immediate gratification from an indulgence, in which we do not perceive any remote evil consequent to ourselves. If the will does indeed necessarily follow the stronger motive, we are at least so far free in the matter that we have the power of intensifying one motive at will, by fixing the attention on it, and so making that motive stronger for the time.*

That we are liable to fallacies in regard to our freedom of will, as in other matters, is not to be denied. There is much truth in Dr. Maudsley's remark, that a man often thinks himself most free, when he is most a slave. "When is it that man is most persuaded that he speaks or acts with full freedom of will? When he is drunk, or mad, or is dreaming. . . . Passion notoriously perverts the judgment, warping it this way or that." Yet there is surely no more reason why our conviction of our

* See Sivart, "Lessons from Nature," pp. 121, 124.

general freedom of will should be set aside by our liability to such fallacies, than that our reliance should be shaken in the general trustworthiness of our bodily senses by the well-known illusions to which they also are occasionally liable.

In Dr. Carpenter's treatment of this subject, we find a larger and sounder estimate taken of the extent to which we have, directly or indirectly, in our power, not only the formation of our own character, but also an influence in modelling that of others by judicious discipline, especially in the early years of life, and of our consequent responsibilities in both these respects. One point indeed we miss, which seriously impairs its practical value, in that no account is taken of the natural depravity of the human heart, which lies even more than mere ignorance at the root of our failures, or of those remedies and helps which Christianity provides to meet the case. We do not of course mean to object to a treatise on the philosophy of mind that it keeps clear of the theological bearing of points which it brings before us, but neither may we admit that, apart from the religious aspect of the case, we can have either the moral questions treated exhaustively, or any rule of practice laid down which will be of itself a sufficient guide for the regulation of our conduct.

The conclusion then to which all we know on this subject clearly points is the composite aspect of human nature—composite not only in the character of the phenomena exhibited, physical and mental, but also in the agency concerned in their production. In so far this conclusion is quite in harmony with the popular conception of man consisting of soul and body, entities distinct in nature, but acting and reacting on each other; both of them in the ordinary course of life being concerned in all we do, say, or think, but so associated together as to constitute a perfect unity in all our actions.

We use here advisedly the term "composite" rather than "dual," for though man's mental nature obviously includes in its fulness the lower powers of mere animal life, and the threefold term, spirit, soul, and body, is used by St. Paul to express the completeness of his being, yet, as we have seen, there is an agreement among some of the representative authors of very different schools in regarding the so-called mental action of the lower animals as a mere property of the living fabric, or as the manifestation of a special modification of force, rather than as due

to the association of a distinct entity corresponding to the spirit of man. The popular opinion, however, is probably still that of Cudworth:—

They who will attribute life, sense, cogitation, consciousness, and self-enjoyment, not without some footsteps of reason many times, to blood and brains, mere organized bodies in brutes, will never be able clearly to demonstrate the incorporeity and immortality of human souls.*

This question does not lie before us at present, but in human nature, at least, we do contend for such a spiritual element, though, in common with all who have viewed the subject from the corporeal side, we feel constrained also to admit that there is a necessary accompaniment of cerebral action in all ordinary mental operation. As for this very reason we can have no such proof of the existence of a spiritual, as distinct from the corporeal factor of our nature, founded on its separate activity, as would appear sufficient to one determined to base the case on sensible demonstration, our arguments for the existence of the soul, as distinct from the body, must rest mainly on metaphysical grounds, and on our consciousness of moral and spiritual relations—a kind of evidence, indeed, which is liable to be ignored by those who from neglect or wilfulness look only at one side of the question, but which will be found of irresistible force by such as give a candid consideration to all its bearings, and the repudiation of which has invariably led sooner or later to the most fearful errors in moral practice, and in all the relations of social life.

* Intellectual System of the Universe, iv. 44.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PAULINE.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER V.

"WOULD COMPLIMENTS SUFFICE?"

FOR the five following days, rainy mist and misty rain shrouded both sea and land.

The offer of a sail in the Juanita had been made and accepted; for Lady Calverley, pleased with Blundell's address, and satisfied with her nephew's assurance that his friend was one of the best fellows in the world, saw no objection. But the

dawn, when it broke, invariably showed the same disconsolate prospect, and the expedition had to be postponed.

He must come up to the castle instead; and Tom's "You'll look us up in the morning, at all events," was the understood conclusion to every meeting.

"Could anything be more tiresome?" moaned Elsie, when on the fifth day the heavens still gloomed as heavily as ever. "He will go away soon. We shall never have our day—our delightful day: we shall look back to this time all our lives, and say, like the emperor of old, we have 'lost a day.'"

"And it is so calm, too," murmured, in gentler accents, Pauline.

"Quite perfect," added her brother; "just the right kind of day for a sail. Not a breath stirring anywhere. We should be lying opposite the Point from morning till night, drinking champagne and talking metaphysics, eh, Polly?"

"I suppose there is hardly enough wind—I had forgotten that."

"Enough? Do you imagine Blundell and I would stagnate on shore all this time, if there had been enough to puff out a nautilus-shell? He is regularly stuck here, that is why he is so thankful to come up day after day. He'll be off with the first breeze that suits."

"It will be very mean of him if he is," said Elsie. "After saying so much about our going. We may never have such a chance again."

"You can't expect him to stay for that. He is on his way to the Lewes, and only put in here for the Sunday. He is as strict as a parson about that, you know—a precious deal stricter than many a parson would be, too. It is of no use Aunt Ella's asking him to dinner on Sunday, by the way—he would have to do penance half the night after it."

"Is he a Roman Catholic?" cried Elsie, opening her eyes.

"Something very like one," reflected Pauline: "I did not think of that before. Such a religion would naturally commend itself to his mind, if it is as Tom says. How stupid of me not to find that out! He has given me every opportunity."

Tom had not answered, being intent on a curve in the shepherd's crook he was whittling out of a hazel-rod.

"Tom, why did you not tell us before?"

"Tell you what?" holding the stick at arm's length before him.

"That he was a Roman Catholic."

"That who was? What are you talking about?"

"Mr. Blundell."

"Blundell!" said Tom, putting down the crook, and looking at her; "what on earth do you mean?"

It had all been a mistake; Blundell was as sound a Protestant as any one among them—he had only used the word penance in jest.

"Though I dare say he would like to say masses for Guy's soul," continued Tom. "He has never been heard to mention his name since the day he died; and you see he has broken with Chaworth and the whole lot of them. He is quite a reformed character, Polly. Take my blessing."

Elsie glanced at her cousin; but it was impossible to discern whether she heard or not.

"I wish he would take me off with him," began Tom, after a pause, during which he had been whittling most industriously. "How jolly it would be!"

Silence.

"That is to say," he relented, "for a week or so. Of course I should come back here again. Why do you look so grave, Elsie?"

"It would be such a disappointment."

"Would it? Would it really, Elsie?"

"So few yachts ever come here; and the ones that do, never belong to people we know. Once Mr. M'Phail offered to take us in his; but mamma said he was a shopman, and would not let us go. I did not care what he was; I would have gone, and so would Pauline. And now when mamma is quite pleased and willing—she is going herself if her cold is no worse—it is rather hard."

"I am sorry for you," said Tom, seeking to hide his chagrin under the guise of pleasantry. "Perhaps, however, it is as well that you are not particular as to your company—a shopman or a scamp—you will be all the more easily pleased."

"Tom! What do you mean?"

"Pauline knows. She does not mind, you see, so why should you? She, like a wise woman, is content to 'take the gifts the gods provide' her, and ask no questions."

Elsie looked from one to the other, scanning the two faces, between which there was so strong an outward likeness, so little real resemblance.

There was the same rich russet-brown hair, deep-set eyes, delicately cut nose and chin, and warm color in the cheek—but here it ended. It penetrated no deeper. It was lost in the expression of the eye and lip—lost in every word and thought.

They might have been taken as two distinct types of the race from which they sprang.

Pauline was a Huguenot of the past century, Tom a Frenchman of to-day.

Earnestness, sobriety, and elevation of purpose distinguished the sister; instability and careless ease characterized the brother. It was impossible that there should be sympathy between them; but there was a perfectly good understanding. Tom was fond of his sister, and proud of her, even while ridiculing her scruples, and disregarding such gentle admonitions as she occasionally sought to administer. He was fonder still of Elsie. An unkind word from *her* cut him to the heart. Her presence made him a man.

The three were assembled in the comfortable old-fashioned library, where, when alone, they usually spent their mornings.

The visitor who had daily joined them of late had not yet appeared; and so agreeable had been his society, so thoroughly had he contrived in that short time to become one of themselves, that they were at a loss what to do without him.

Some time had passed without Pauline's taking part in the conversation.

She was musing with troubled eye and flushed cheek, until roused from her reverie by the sound of her own name.

Elsie was regarding her and Tom alternately, and Tom's "She is content to take the gifts the gods provide her," fell with meaning on her ear. Her eye flashed, and the color started to her cheek.

"I took a brother's word," she said.

He had gone too far. One way or other he must eat his words; but what to Pauline would have been mortification unspeakable, was a light thing to Tom.

"I thought I should draw her," he said, gaily. "He is right enough, Elsie — I only said it to tease Pauline."

"You said it to tease *ME*."

"You? no. What did it matter to you? He is Pauline's friend, not yours. Think of a saint like Pauline taking up with a sinner like Blundell!"

"When will you give up that foolish habit of saying a thing and contradicting it the next moment?" cried his cousin. "Soon it will come to this, that no one will believe a single word you say. You knew you were talking nonsense to Mr. Blundell about Punch yesterday; there is nothing of the Willoughby pug about him; and he was given to me because his tail was too long, and his muzzle too pink."

"Punch may thank me for giving him a pedigree, then," replied he. "If it had

been the other way, I could understand your indignation, but I was doing the very best I could for the old fellow."

"That was it! You wanted to make him out to be something fine, knowing all the time he is not."

"And pray, what greater proof of friendship would you ask for?"

He was incorrigible; Elsie betook herself to generals.

"I do hope you will be more careful before Uncle Macleay."

"Who, pray, is Uncle Macleay?"

"He is my uncle — double-distilled essence of uncle; there, make what you can of that. Come, read me my riddle, I beg you to say, how is he my uncle, this Uncle Macleay?"

"Poetry, Elsie! and you a Presbyterian! Eh, lass, d'ye no ken that pawetry and profawnty gang han' in han'?"

"If you think you can talk Scotch, Tom, you can't. It is the one thing you cannot do. I advise you to leave off attempting it."

"Uncle Macleay speaks it more correctly, no doubt."

"I dare say he does. All very old people do —"

"Oh, that's glorious! I shan't give up hope then; in time I too may become a proficient."

"You are so stupid. Uncle Macleay is a dear, good, kind old man, whom everybody likes; mamma will be very much vexed if you are rude to him."

"When did you ever know me rude to anybody? I have not the slightest intention of maltreating the aged relative; on the contrary, I have no doubt we shall become the best of friends. But," affecting alarm, "he won't expect me to converse in Gaelic, will he? It would be cruel — barbarous; I have not time to prepare — I have not even a dictionary. Help, Pauline! help! It is a trap, a snare, a device of the enemy; let us save ourselves by flight before the attack begins."

Pauline raised her head, and beheld foolish Elsie wincing under this profound satire.

"You are mistaken, Tom," said his sister, quietly. "You are preparing a surprise for yourself when you see Dr. Macleay."

"How?"

"He is one of the finest gentlemen I ever met in my life."

Here was a statement! Here was an occasion for Tom's face to lengthen, widen, open, and spread itself out in every direction that could indicate extreme amazement.

Amazement, not incredulity—Pauline must ever inspire belief—but it was speechless, unwilling amazement.

Even Elsie looked appalled by the strength of her ally, and doubtful for a moment of the ultimate value of such assistance. She could not have said so much. Affectionately indignant as she had been on her great-uncle's behalf, in her heart she had been framing apologies for him; she had been conscious, under the brilliant scintillations of Tom's wit, of a secret desire that he had timed his visit otherwise.

Pauline's *coup* at once placed him on a higher level; and if Pauline would but stand to it, if Dr. Macleay would but justify her eulogium, his niece's triumph would be complete.

Quick as thought she followed the lead. "I am only afraid of what *he* may think of *you*," said she.

"Very true," said Pauline.

But, unfortunately, she smiled. Tom laughed, then roared, and was himself again.

"We are very ill behaved," all at once cried his sister, jumping up and kissing her cousin merrily. "We are dreadfully in need of some one to come and keep us all in order."

"And here he comes!" said Tom, significantly. "Here he comes!"

"Oh, here he comes!" echoed Elsie. "Here he comes, Pauline!"

Pauline could not imagine what they meant. How should Mr. Blundell keep them in order? What could make Tom so absurd? Mr. Blundell was no very good example for any of them. Idling away his time, as if he had nothing in the world to do but amuse himself. Tom would never settle to anything till he went; and Tom had promised so faithfully to read, during this term.

Which of the schools was he going in for?

The conversation was quite edifying to listen to, when Mr. Blundell came in, to take his part, and be appealed to, and have his opinion discussed.

Then came the walk, and Tom's whisper to Elsie to let Blundell and his *Lorelei* go first.

"Aunt Ella said we were to be sure to let her know if he came, you know, Elsie, to be proper, and that; so, as we haven't done that, we can send them on in front, and you and I can mount guard behind."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all. I know that was what she meant. She told me to be *sure*

to let her know. I said, 'All right,' and bolted. Now this is how I make it 'all right,' you see."

"She won't be pleased, Tom."

"I can't go back for her now."

"Let us go on with them, then."

"Go on with them! What should we do that for? They don't want us, and we don't want them. We have far better fun by ourselves. Now I'll tell you all about what I am reading for. It's all bosh what Pauline says, you know, about my not passing; I mean to go at it, when I go back, I can tell you. Now, are you attending?"

When they came back from the walk Dr. Macleay had arrived, and was in the drawing-room.

He was a man of remarkable appearance. In person tall and spare, his features, naturally striking, were rendered still more so from being shaded by a profusion of snow-white hair, which also softened the effect of a skin somewhat roughened and weather-beaten by constant exposure.

His smile was good-humored; his whole aspect mild and benignant; but it was like the gentleness of the great ocean as it sighs itself to sleep after the tumult of many storms,—like the quiet of the forest when there are no leaves left in it to rustle.

He was a widower, and childless.

For many years past he had led a useful and unostentatious life in one of the Hebridean islands, holding an authority absolute among his own people, and undisputed, if not definite, over other parishes. He was now engaged to stay at Gourloch for three or four days, but longer than that they hardly hoped to detain him.

"You remember my niece Pauline?" said Lady Calverley; "and this tall boy? No? He is her brother. And—our friend, Mr. Blundell."

"And—our dog, Mr. Punch," subjoined Elsie. "Mr. Punch, shake hands. You needn't bow, in case it should turn into bow-wow. See how good he is! He always knows exactly how to behave himself, and he always barks at the right people."

"Witness my reception," said Blundell. "He suspected me for two whole days,—did not give me the benefit of the doubt, which every man has a right to. One ought to be looked upon as an honest man till proved a rogue, Punch."

"A dog's code is the reverse. You have to produce credentials of honesty before he will believe you are not a rogue. And I am not sure," continued Dr. Macleay,

with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "that he has not common sense on his side."

"Those colliers at church on Sunday, every one of them suspected me," said Pauline; "and they must have had their worst fears realized. Dr. Macleay, do you think dogs ought to go to church?"

"Certainly not, Miss La Sarte. I command my old Trim to stay at home every Sunday, but ——"

"He does not obey?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Does he follow you into the pulpit?" asked Pauline.

"Not exactly; he waits at the bottom of the stairs. I pretend not to see him till we are at home again."

"And what would he do, if some one were to rise and leave the church?"

"I cannot say; he has given me no precedent to judge by. Were any of you unwell on Sunday?"

Pauline, with spirit, related her adventure; but as she proceeded, her principal auditor became grave.

"I very much doubt that crossing," he said. "The people about here may know when to take it, and probably have landmarks to guide them across; but, Miss La Sarte, it is not fit for you. What would you have done if Mr. Blundell had not been there? The tide might have been back upon you before you had got half-way! Take my advice and don't try unknown crossings again; you may not always find a deliverer so handy."

She laughed and promised. She would not be tempted in future; but she could not wish to undo the past.

Did he, her so-called deliverer, share the feeling? Apparently he did. His eye boldly sought hers, as he interposed — "You do not grudge me my good fortune, sir?"

"Very much indeed," replied the doctor, with alacrity. "You are most unreasonable to suppose I could help grudging it. A man who goes about staring into pools of water ought not to expect to see any image reflected in them but his own. Especially ——"

A significant movement of the head interpreted the meaning of the unfinished sentence.

"Nobody pays you and me any compliments, Punch," said a low voice, talking softly to itself. "Never mind, Punch dear, we don't want their nasty compliments."

"Wise little woman!" said her uncle.

"Silly child!" said her mother.

Everybody said something — good, bad,

or indifferent; and, in the hubbub, some one who had stooped down to pick up the dog's collar, whispered a few words which reached no ear but that for which it was intended, "How could you say that? Would compliments suffice?"

CHAPTER VI.

OFF TO OBAN.

It would not be easy to describe the state of Blundell's mind at this time.

He was unhappy, aimless, and idle.

His nerves had received a severe shock from the terrible scene of which he had been a witness, and his consequent solitary wanderings had not tended to restore their tone.

Having broken away from all his former associates, he had no resources but in himself; and the life he had elected to lead for the remainder of his days had, in six short months, palled upon him.

The impression he had received was still too powerful not to keep its grasp upon his conscience; but he was restive under it, wretched and miserable.

At this point he meets Pauline.

Here is a woman, so good, so pure, so true, that she would seem to have been placed in his path, to lead him forward on the way to heaven.

Here is a beautiful, rational, lovable creature, all that fancy could suggest, all that reason could require.

Now then, why may he not go in and win?

She is free, that is certain.

An affected misapprehension, an elaborate apology, and three words from Tom, have set that point at rest.

What holds him back?

The prospect is bright, serene, perfect in all its details, and — it cannot allure him.

It is Elsie's doing.

Ah! that little chit! What business has she to interfere with his happiness? What business has that saucy smile to come between him and those grave, star-like eyes?

She is but a plaything, a child. A good child enough, but still a child. Nothing in her — nothing.

He amuses himself now and then with the little puss? Of course he does. Why should he not? He likes children. They are great fun. He likes to tease and trick them, and cause them to cry and pout, and then kiss and be friends again.

Miss Elsie is rather too old for the kiss-

ing, but that only makes it the more piquant.

He laughs to think how she would have behaved supposing her to have been the fair adventuress on the rocks! He fancies how he could have terrified her by tales of quicksands and swiftly approaching tides! How he would have rallied her on her forlorn appearance! on her charming spirit of enterprise! What sly allusions he would have made to it afterwards, and how cross she would have been with him — for the moment!

With this he falls to considering what the real heroine of the act looked like; how she spoke, how she clung to his arm, how haughtily she held him at a distance one minute, and how helplessly she appealed to him the next!

He had never seen anything more charming than the reserve giving way to eagerness, girlish and natural, when he proffered a rescue.

What a fool he had been to think of her as married! He might have known — might have seen — might have guessed — could not imagine how he could ever have supposed such a thing! Pshaw! She was as unsophisticated a creature as possible, and he had called her a woman of the world!

The pendulum oscillates towards the Pauline point.

The more he thinks of her the more he sighs for her.

His soul loathes the memory of his wasted youth; he shrinks from it — turns from it.

"Pauline, Pauline, I want to love you. I want you to love me. You were sent to me. You ought to be mine. You would help me — would teach me — make me good as you are. And I *can't!* I *can't!*"

His head falls down upon his hands, he breaks out into sobs and tears.

After the rain came wind.

What had before been a dull, slate-colored, unbroken surface of water, was speedily changed into a raging sea, of varied hues and unceasing motion.

Friday night saw the change; and the boat which brought Blundell ashore on Saturday morning rocked so violently, even in the sheltered part of the bay where he landed, that the utmost caution was needed to prevent its bumping on the rocks.

"This is a new experience," said he, cheerfully. "We are going the round of bad weather in all its shapes. It is something not to fear being ice-bound — not

that I should care, but the Juanita would. I am off to Oban to-night."

The effect of this announcement was electrical.

Lady Calverley uttered a soft ejaculation of "To-night!" and by an irresistible impulse glanced at her niece.

Pauline stirred not, raised not her eyes, but her countenance betrayed by a curious, almost imperceptible *something*, that she had heard.

Tom's mouth, from force of schoolboy habit, puckered for the whistle which his maturer judgment refused to sanction. But Elsie alone, with dilated, sorrowful eyes, deprecated the cruelty of the sentence.

"And we have never had our sail," said she.

"You would not come to-day?"

"Why not? There is enough wind, is there not?" with eager gaze fixed upon him.

"Enough? Oh, quite — a feast!"

"But you are going yourself?"

"Not I. We should be tacking from morning till night. I shall walk to the ferry."

"And the Juanita will meet you?" said Tom.

Blundell was looking at Elsie — Elsie, who was hanging upon his words as if her very being depended on them.

Could he disappoint her in such a trifling matter? Would it not seem unkind, rude, a poor return for all the kindness he had met with? The whole party looked disconcerted by his leave-taking.

Thus in a few seconds of time all was changed.

"The Juanita will remain where she is. Miss Calverley, we may have better weather when I come back."

"You are coming back?" she cried, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. I hope to turn up again in a few days, like the penny of evil repute."

"Oh," rejoined Elsie, pacified, "then you will come in for our harvest-home."

"You are not going to have a harvest-home yet? The corn is not down."

"We are obliged to have ours beforehand, as we dance in the big barn, and it will be more than half full afterwards. Will you come?"

"Am I to come, Lady Calverley?"

"It will be very good-natured if you do. We are much in need of support. And you will allow your sailors to come likewise, I hope? They would be quite acquisitions."

He wished she had not asked them —

wished, almost wished at least, that she had not asked him—wished from his heart there had been nothing to ask either him or them to. Whenever he desired to break away, he seemed to be hemmed in afresh. An excuse he might have made certainly: his brother had only been dead six months, and during these he had gone nowhere, he had joined in no festivities.

But such an apology never once occurred to him, so strong in his mind was the feeling of aversion on other grounds.

Why had this nuisance turned up just now to add to his complications? What had a good woman like Lady Calverley to do with rioting and vulgar revelry? What would his men think, on whom he enforced abstinence with such an iron hand?

With a bland and grateful smile, "Thank you," he replied—"only too happy!"

"You will bring the old place down about your ears, Mary," commented her uncle, who had entered and silently greeted the visitor whilst the arrangement was being made.

"My dear uncle, we have our harvest-home every year, and have never had an accident yet."

"Half a hundred roaring, stamping, thumping ne'er-do-weels, every man-jack of them bent on digging his heels through the floor if he can——"

"And no one enjoying the fun more than Uncle Macleay," cried his saucy grand-niece. "And he has got to make a speech afterwards, which we have not. So *viva*! How we will dance instead!"

"You dance?" said Blundell, with an air of surprise.

"To be sure we do, and you must dance too. Tom's dancing is the admiration of everybody."

This was enough—Blundell would not now have absented himself on any account.

"Well, I *hope* I shall be back in time," said he; "I will do my best. If I do not appear, you will know it is no fault of mine. Can I do anything for anybody in Oban?"

Nobody wanted anything done, and he rose to go; having announced his intentions, he could not now draw back.

"But Elsie has got your stick!" cried Tom. "Elsie, you must give it up. You try mine, and you will find it is just as light; or if you don't, I can cut you another, to-day."

"Which won't be ready for a week. I will fetch it," to Blundell. "But you

must let me have it when you come back. I can't walk about without one, now."

When she came down again he was waiting for her in the hall.

"There, take it!" said she; "you will need it to help you across the 'Englishman's Sorrow.'"

"What may that mean, Miss Calverley?"

"Nothing," coloring under the gravity of his reply. "Only a name given to part of the Mohr Ben particularly difficult to climb. You will be glad of your stick then."

"I should be glad of a straightforward answer now."

She was struck mute.

"You meant that I should be glad of something to comfort me when I am away from you."

He had intended to put her in a passion, and had succeeded.

"How—how can you? What——" cried she, trembling all over. The door opened.

"Hush! never mind! It was all a joke; only a joke, mind. Don't be cross with me. (Louder.) By the way, this Highland ball, am I to have the honor of opening it with you?"

She could not speak.

"Oh, you are not gone?" said Tom, in the doorway. "My aunt wants to know if you won't have luncheon, or wine, or something?"

"It could be on the table in five minutes," said the lady's voice behind.

"No, indeed, thanks. I shall get something at the ferry."

"Well?" to Elsie.

She turned away. "You can't dance a reel."

"I can't dance anything, but I think I can dig my heels into the floor as hard as even Dr. Macleay could desire. Will you be my partner?"

So he wrung from her a sullen consent ere he went.

"*He* can't dance, indeed!" cried Tom, not over well pleased with what he had heard. "That's rather good, I think. When there was not a wake, nor a fair, nor a lark of any kind going, within twenty miles of Blundellsaye, but he and Guy were in the thick of it!"

"He would not learn much dancing in that way."

"If he had not dancing he had drinking."

"Does he drink?" said his cousin, in a low voice.

"Drink? no. You can't watch him very closely, or you would see that for yourself. He won't even allow his poor fellows their glass of grog; and looks such daggers at the decanters here that it is positively uncivil. I can't get my mouthful of port after dinner for him. No, he doesn't drink, *now*."

"Was he very bad, Tom?"

There was an air of good faith about Tom, which compelled a certain amount of credence, even from the most skeptical of listeners.

"Bad as bad could be. The hardest drinker in the county," impressively. The slightest opposition, and he would have substituted "in England," but Elsie was subdued, and he had only to proceed. "They were both getting quite bloated and bottle-nosed. Then Guy dropped off, and Ralph pulled up. Just in time, I can tell you."

"He does not look as if —"

"Oh yes, he does. A man could tell it in a moment. Depend upon it," knowingly, "Uncle Macleay sees it as well as I do."

Apparently Dr. Macleay did, for shortly afterwards he took the opportunity of questioning young La Sarte more closely about his friend than any of the rest of the party had thought of doing.

Tom was in his glory. "I knew him when I was at Stow. His place, Blundell-saye, is not far from there. He was in the Life Guards," feeling as if each statement clinched his man's respectability more satisfactorily than did the one before it.

"Indeed! you knew him very well?" rejoined the old gentleman, carelessly.

"Oh, by Jove, yes! All our fellows knew him. We were often over there. The most splendid place," proceeded Tom, launching out—"quite a palace, gardens, grounds, everything. And shooting—no end of shooting, best shooting in the county. Have you ever been in Berkshire?"

"Not lately. Not for several years."

"Perhaps you have seen his place?"

"Perhaps I have, but there are a great many fine places down there."

"Yes, of course," rather taken aback. "Of course, the first county in England for good houses."

"Do you think so? I am not sure that I agree with you. But it must have been a great thing for you to have had a good friend, near at hand, in your school-days."

"Well," said Tom, with a little laugh, "I don't know that he was a particularly GOOD friend. They were a little bit wild, you know, he and his brother; but we don't say anything about that here."

"A married man?"

"Oh dear no—never was a less married man, I should say."

"He seems to be very much at home with you all?"

"Quite a tame cat about the house. They all like him, you see; my aunt is quite taken with him."

"Your aunt!" thought the doctor. "I wish your sister may not be taken with him too. He is doing his best to make her, and this rattle-pate sees nothing."

"Rather got the better of the old boy," reflected Tom. "Put him off the scent completely. Scored, and no mistake!"

Dull and spiritless was the party assembled in the drawing-room after dinner that evening.

Dr. Macleay, indeed, did his best towards reanimating the little circle which had lately been so full of life and gaiety, but nobody seconded his efforts. Dry as dust sounded in their ears the topics of the day—bald and flat the chit-chat of cheerful garrulity. Tom was uneasily watching his cousin, who was restless, flighty, and out of humor; his aunt was oppressed by a nervous headache, and the howling of the storm, which had increased towards night; and Pauline seemed chiefly anxious to be left to the indulgence of her own thoughts.

No one asked for music, no one cared for tea, no one seemed willing to do anything the others wanted. Of the three young ones, it may be said that each one of them was in a more unreasonable, contradictory, pick-a-quarrel mind than the other.

"Elsie, let us have a game at backgammon?"

"Oh no."

"Chess, then?"

"I hate chess!"

"Bélique?"

"Mamma does not like the sight of cards."

"Cards? It is the most innocent game in the world! Who ever heard of gambling at bélique? And I suppose that is what she objects to?"

"There is not a pack in the house, at any rate."

Tom raised the question, "What shall we have?"

"Nothing."

"You are in a nice mind to-night," said he, eyeing her. "May I ask if I have done anything to offend you?"

Poor soul! no. That power was not in his hands. If he could but have offended her, there might have been hope for him.

"No, Tom," said she, wearily, "how should you?"

"It is all very well for Pauline—she never favors us with much conversation; the only difference is that to-night we are to be deprived of any—but you, this is not your way at all. Some people might even insinuate that a certain small personage in days gone by was called a chatterbox, eh, Elsie?"

"Oh, I can chatter, if you like! There is so much to chatter about, is there not? Plenty of fun and news, and everything is so lively and entertaining, ourselves in particular."

"So that's it, is it?" said he, slowly. "You are dull. I am sorry; I might have guessed that before. It is stupid work for you to be left with only us and Dr. Macleay to amuse you——"

"To be left!" said Elsie, rather pale. "What are you talking about?"

His bolt had struck. He could only answer gloomily, "You know best," and silence fell between them.

"Tom, I beg your pardon; I was very disagreeable. Please, Tom, forgive me."

He nodded, with a watery smile in his eyes that touched her heart.

"Tom, I will play any game with you that you like."

"Elsie, I had rather you did not play with me at all."

CHAPTER VII.

A TALK IN THE TURRET CHAMBER.

Wer? Ich? Ich, eines mannes Bild,
In meinem reinen Busen tragen?
Dies Herz, von Himmelsglanz erfüllt,
Darf einer ird'schen Liebe schlagen?
Jungfrau von Orleans.

NEXT morning found them all in better minds, as became the day. The elements likewise had exhausted their angry feelings. All was bright and peaceful.

Dr. Macleay conducted divine service in a small church within a mile of the castle, the relieving a sick brother of his Sabbath duties being the primary object of his visit there. He had been unable to come the week before, and hence Pauline's walk and its consequences.

"Paulie, do you not think it was a little, a very little too long?"

"No, Elsie, I was surprised when it was over."

"So was I, for I thought it would never be over. But I should not say so to any one but you."

She was nestling her head down in her cousin's lap, over which the golden hair, unbound, fell like a veil. The two had retired to the turret chamber, had settled themselves within the little recess, and, I grieve to add, had bolted the door against poor Tom, who was hovering somewhere in the vicinity.

"It was a beautiful sermon," said Pauline.

"Yes, I daresay. Mamma is always in such spirits when Uncle Macleay is going to preach. I had not a word against the sermon, Paulie; only I thought it might have been said in a little less time. You have not such long sermons in England?"

"Our service is longer, much longer. On the whole, they come to the same in the end."

"To tell you the truth, it was Tom I felt for. He kept changing his arm about, and fidgeting with his rose, and it put me out so, that I grew as bad as he. Then I did wish Uncle Macleay would have left out the words 'fourthly' and 'fifthly;' it would not have called one's attention to its being such a length if he had said all he had to say, without marking the intervals so emphatically."

Pauline laughed.

"Paulie, I always think you are so good about our Church."

"Don't you know that I am a Calvinist by descent?"

"And I am a Lutheran by inclination. Your churches, or better still your cathedrals, I do delight in them! I would never go to a Presbyterian church again if I could get to one of these. Does this one of ours not strike you as horrible when you first come? Does it not, Paulie?"

"The music is rude, certainly," replied her cousin; "and the building—well, the less said about it the better. But the people and the preacher—— Elsie, do you ever think what a noble life your uncle leads? When he was talking last night, telling us those strange wild tales of what he has actually himself gone through, has known, and seen with his own eyes, he seems to me to turn into one of the heroes of the first Church, 'full of faith, and power, and the Holy Ghost,' going from place to place teaching and preaching, in spite of every kind of danger and hardship. How lightly the things of this

world seem to sit upon him! He is not ignorant; he knows and is interested in all that is going on, far more than any of us are, but he chooses not to mix in it. And such abilities, such energies, as he expends upon these simple people! I never heard the Word of God explained with greater *care*, greater *pains* than we had it to-day. The language was so well chosen —”

“Paulie, you are quite enthusiastic.”

“Yes, I am; I felt *stirred*. It did one good to be there.”

“I am glad he came when you were with us.”

“And the people, how attentive they were! And what long distances they had come!” continued Pauline, the romantic, as well as the devotional side of whose character had been touched. “Did you notice how they sat almost motionless from first to last, as if they would not lose a word if they could help it? I could not keep from thinking of the ‘two or three’ gathered together, for, after all, we were so few; but I do believe, Elsie, He was in the midst of us.”

“Then only Tom and I were naughty,” said Elsie, ruefully. “I saw how you were listening; and when he stopped, if your eyes had not been so firmly fixed upon him, I should have thought you had been asleep, you started up so.”

“Asleep, dear?”

“I know you were not, of course. You sat like a statue from beginning to end. You are a very good Pauline.”

“Elsie!” Pauline was actually blushing. “I am ashamed to tell you, but — but — I was not attending at that moment. I don’t know how it was, but just then my thoughts had wandered, and the end did take me by surprise. I was thinking — for I ought to tell you the truth — whether the sea-air would take the color out of my lilac hat if I were to wear it when we go in the yacht!”

“Then you are the best Pauline that ever was, to come and confess it! And I love you twenty hundred thousand times better for that, than if you could repeat the sermon word for word from beginning to end.”

“I don’t know how it was,” pleaded Pauline.

“Never mind how it was; you looked so good, so perfect, sitting there, in that pretty white lily bonnet; and then to think — But, Paulie, I don’t mind telling you now — I did not listen *at all*! I hardly heard a single word, I was so restless; and I could not help thinking of

other things all the time. Indeed, I do usually attend to Uncle Macleay, and never found his sermons long before.”

“You were thinking?” said her cousin, slowly.

“Yes, about all sorts of things. Paulie, how strange this last week has been! We seem to have been living quite in a world of our own, don’t we? Isn’t it odd, when one comes to remember that it was only this day week you first met Mr. Blundell?”

“Elsie, I want to say a word to you — about Mr. Blundell.”

“What about him?” a quick movement, a sudden alertness of reply.

“You see we have only Tom’s word to depend upon for all we know of him. And you know what Tom’s word is. I daresay he may be quite correct on some points — indeed Mr. Blundell has let us know that of his own accord; but Tom contradicts himself so, as to others, that it is impossible to trust him.”

“I should think it was.”

“Dr. Macleay let drop a hint of this kind to-day. Not in the least as if it concerned any of us; he only suggested in a general way that young men were not the best judges of each other, and let me see whom he was thinking about. I could hardly tell how it was done, but somehow it startled me to find how completely we are in the dark as to what he *is*, though we may know what he *was*. So I thought I would just remind you, Elsie.”

“But why me?”

“I was afraid that perhaps you might have been — thinking — about him, dear.”

“Who? *I*? *I* think!” exclaimed Elsie, in unfeigned astonishment. “What can you mean, Pauline? It is *you*, not *I* —”

“Elsie!”

“This is all very fine. You, who are so wise, and so busy with your nice little motherly admonition — take care of yourself, Madam Pauline. No, you need not turn your great eyes on me with that pathetic look — don’t you think that I have eyes as well as other people? Yes, mamma, is it you?” in answer to a tap at the door.

“I am come indoors, dear.”

“Yes, mamma, I’ll follow in a moment. Where is my Bible?” said Elsie, looking about her. “So,” kissing her cousin, “farewell for the present; and, Pauline,” in her ear, “there is an old song that runs —

Look well to thyself, and take care of thyself,
For there’s nobody cares for thee.

For ‘*nobody*’ read ‘*somebody*,’ my dear.”

Tuesday dawned, Tuesday broke into a gracious, glorious summer noontide, Tuesday drew towards night.

In the little room, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Pauline is braiding her brown hair; in the vast untidy wilderness below, Elsie stealthily crimps her golden locks. Tom, in the white attic above them all, resolves with infinite satisfaction on the absolute necessity of a second shave. He sings as he is dressing: his heart is light, for his cousin has been more than usually gentle with him all day. Not a word has passed among the three as to any expected arrival.

They have all assisted at the decorations, visited the barn, and inspected the supper-table.

Now they have retired to make their toilets, for the lanterns are being lit, and it is long since the first guests made their appearance.

"They're come!" Old Davie was nodding his head in at the drawing-room door, his breath short with excitement. "They're come! The men are come!"

"Which men, Davie?"

"The men — the men from the yacht." (He pronounced the word exactly as it is written.) "Will I put them in the barn with the rest, or take them in my room?"

"Which shall he do? Pauline, say."

* Lady Calverley was apt to depend upon her niece.

"Is it not time for all of us to go? That would make it right either way," suggested Pauline.

"Eh! which does her leddyship say?" cried the old man, who was deaf, and troubled with many cares. "They are waiting down by a' this time."

"Ask them to go in," replied his mistress, with dignity. "We are coming now ourselves, Davie."

"Ye mun wait till the folks are in. The carpet's no down yet. Eh, my leddy, ye *mun* wait," for she was advancing. "There's a carpet for the haill length o' the road, an' whae's it for but yersel, an' the doctor?"

"We did not need a carpet, surely. It is quite dry to-night."

"Ye mun hae your carpet," resolutely rejoined Davie. "It's no consistent that ye should be walkin' wi'oot a carpet this time o' the night."

"So much trouble," murmured she, giving way, however.

"Let them tak the trouble. Oo, ye may lauch," muttered the old man, offended at

the merriment he saw on every side; "but when there's naeboddy but me, and a' the folks to see to, an' this an' that, it's weel there's some — ay, ay —" mumbling all the way he went, as he trotted down the passage.

"*Noblesse oblige*, Aunt Ella," said Tom, gaily.

"And he has not been long, at any rate," added the doctor, as Davie, returning, flung open the door with an air of ignoring the previous contention, and announced magnificently, "The people are waitin' your plesure, my leddy."

Forth they sallied: Lady Calverley in her comfortable black velvet, with an eye to the draughts, and the airy nature of the ball-room; Pauline and Elsie in their white frocks and woollen wrappers; Dr. Macleay and young La Sarte in their chilly, cold-giving evening suits, which they had not been allowed to evade, even for once.

"Be as you always are; it is best," Tom's aunt had replied in answer to his piteous appeal; and the doctor, with his usual good-humored "Well, well," had given in at once. Tom must perforce give in likewise.

"Now, Elsie!" He claimed the right to stand up with his cousin.

"You know I promised to dance the first with Mr. Blundell."

"Blundell!" as if it were quite a new idea. "He is not coming, depend upon it. He never meant to come; it was all smoke about his being back in time. Twenty to one he sends for the Juanita to Oban. Come."

She hesitated.

"You need not wait for *him*!" cried Tom, contemptuously; "you must begin, the people are all looking at us. If he comes, there is Pauline."

She suffered herself to be persuaded — she could not help it.

Then began the scene forecast by Dr. Macleay.

The shouting, the stamping, the digging of heels into the rafters; the full flow of a Highland reel was at its height, though the dancing had not yet assumed the daring, joyous, out-and-out character which would follow later in the evening, when there was a movement of curiosity at the lower end of the ball-room, and a tall stranger walked quietly up one side to the corner where the hostess and her party were assembled.

"You did not wait for me," said a voice in Elsie's ear.

She was standing still, on the outskirts of the reel à *Thulichen*, whilst Tom and a swarthy young shepherd strangled each other in the middle; and had seen him come.

"You should have been here in time," retorted Miss Coquette, throwing back the golden head, with all its wavy *rouleaux*; "I could not keep the people waiting."

"Not five minutes? And I have walked twenty miles to be here to-night."

"You cannot be fit for dancing, then. Go and sit by mamma. Pauline is not dancing, either," she added, significantly.

Then her turn came again.

All the lookers-on had collected round this set, and Tom was the hero of the moment.

"Yaish, yaish — a pretty lad — a weel-faured lad. An' goot at the danshin. Ay, ay — ferry goot at the danshin. An' he'll be for Miss Ailshie, wull he no? I'm shoor! An' he'll be for the shootin', an' the feeshun, an' whatever else. An' thonder's the English laidie, sister to him — that'll be her shentleman, is it no? An' a pritty man, too. Deed ay. What for no? Tougal, my man, is there nae word o' the Talisker?"

The "Talisker," indeed, was singularly long in making its appearance, and eventually it leaked out that none was to be forthcoming till supper. This was a new thing at Gourloch, where the lady's hospitality had hitherto been exercised entirely through her factotum, Dougald, and there had been whiskey in abundance.

On this night my lady, with decision, gave her orders that it should circulate more sparingly.

"They seem very merry," observed Blundell, who stood by Pauline's side, looking on the scene with an aspect inappropriately stern; "wonderfully merry, considering what a world we live in. Some people would go dancing to their graves, I believe."

"This is surely an innocent enough amusement," replied she, in some surprise. "These good people enjoy themselves thoroughly after a very harmless fashion. And I must say I prefer it as a spectacle to what one meets with in our modern ball-rooms."

"I never go to balls."

"Hark to Blundell!" whispered Tom to his cousin, as the last words reached their ear in the sudden lull caused by the cessation of the music. "He is coming it strong, is he not? He thinks that will take with Pauline, you know. I daresay he never goes to balls; and why? Be-

cause they used to be too soft for him, and now he is too soft for them."

"You never go to balls!" said Miss La Sarte, in answer to the last remark.

Then she paused for two reasons.

She was no ball-goer herself, but a sudden repugnance seized her to naming what might appear to be a coincidence of opinion; also she did not know what now to say.

"I am here to-night against my will," continued he. "Life is too great a matter to be spent in jiggling about like idiots or mad people."

"This is hardly a question of spending lives, is it?"

"I see you are bent on defending it at all hazards. I am sorry to disagree with you, but I thought in a matter of this sort *you* would have been on my side."

"Is it the dancing itself you dislike, or the gathering together for any amusement?"

"Either — both. Every one here would be better at home."

She almost laughed in his face. "Pray don't say so to my kind aunt — she would be quite distressed. I am very sorry you are not enjoying yourself; but, since you are here, you must try to bear with us for a little."

He recovered himself.

"What a bear I am! Miss La Sarte, you must let me alone when I am in a temper like this. Could you not see I was only trying to make myself disagreeable? Yes, you could, you must have seen it; and you would not allow yourself to be provoked; you are too gentle, too merciful. But one thing you have done, you have made me ashamed of myself. Pray forget, if you can, the nonsense I have been talking."

She was about to reply, but some one else claimed her attention.

It was an ancient dame, inquiring, with profound respect, "Wull ye no be danshin yersel, young laidie?"

"I am a bad hand at it, Nelly."

"Oich, fie! It is yersel that says it. It is not that, neither."

"No one would care to have me for a partner."

"Deed ay wad they then! Deed wad they too! It is Tougal wad be the prood man —"

"Come with me," said Blundell, hastily; "that is, if you will. You shall forgive me thus."

"And you and I will stand opposite to them, Elsie," cried Tom.

"Oh no, indeed! I must not dance with

you again. It is Dougald's turn now; he is already rather out of countenance because I did not begin with him——"

"Oh, never mind him, the next will do——" began Tom.

"Your cousin is right," interposed an angry, interfering voice. "Why should you wish to keep her from amusing herself? Miss La Sarte and I need no *vis-à-vis*; we are quite willing to sit down again. In fact you would rather, would you not?" turning to her with an "I would rather" written in his face.

She meekly acquiesced, and they retreated as spasmodically as they had advanced.

"So you've hung fire, have you?" said Tom, coming back with a rosy-cheeked, straight-backed matron whom he had selected. "And Elsie's off too! Never mind, Mrs. McCorquodale, we will take our places here, and some one else will be sure to come. Here you, Hector, there's no one here. That's right. Now we're ready."

"Tom is in great force," said his friend, observing him narrowly.

And indeed the gaiety and good-humor of the young leader of the revels won the hearts of all around him. Easy without being familiar, genial yet not jocose, his genuine and hearty abandonment to the pleasures of the evening placed him in a light so favorable that Lady Calverley was proud of her nephew, Pauline of her brother.

Elsie, infected with a like spirit, flitted hither and thither, all smiles, sparkles, and animation.

She and Tom by their united exertions left no one unattended to, and the good-humor and admiration of the company rose to a climax when the pair of blithe young creatures hand in hand came gaily bounding down the middle, amidst two long lines of faces awaiting their turn in the old-fashioned country-dance.

"Now then, up there, look alive! Begin a set, you people in the middle! That's right, Alister! Come along! Now, Elsie! Polly, what are you about? Why don't you and Blundell have a turn? It's the best fun in the world!"

Thus prompted, there was no escape for the recusant.

Hitherto, although Miss La Sarte had danced, he had not been her partner; he had been leaning with folded arms against the wall, silently looking on. He had now to ask her inclinations, and as they were not antagonistic, places were found for them.

"Mr. Blundell does not help half so much as I thought he would," whispered Elsie to her cousin. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Not in the least. We were having rather a sober conversation just now, perhaps that is it."

"Oh, is that it? But you might keep your sober conversations for another time; we want every one now to help in making it pass off well."

"You and Tom are doing that."

"Tom is a host in himself," said Elsie. "Tom, I am praising you. You are behaving admirably. I don't know really what we should have done without you. I only wish other people would do their parts equally well," she added, distinctly.

"Miss Calverley thinks we are shirking our duties," said Blundell to his partner.

"Not Pauline." Elsie looked up at him with fearless eyes. "But I do think you might exert yourself to be a little more generally agreeable."

"Ought I? What must I do? You sent me away yourself, and told me I was not fit for dancing."

"You might go about among the people, and talk to them."

"But I am not to dance?"

"No one would expect you to be very much inclined to jump about after a twenty-mile walk."

"Have you walked so far, to-day?" said Pauline. He had not told her.

Blundell laughed. "I am not quite such a poor creature as that comes to. My walk was only a good preparation. It is you who have stopped my evolutions," to Elsie. "It was you who laid the embargo on me, which prevented my showing off this evening. I might have been twirling and pirouetting in the midst of as admiring a circle as gathered round Hector just now, if you had not commanded me to forbear."

"You are wonderfully plausible. Pray, when may we expect to see you begin? I shall be one of the admiring circle of spectators."

"You still will not trust me?"

"How trust you?"

"You will not dance with me?"

"Elsie!" It was Tom, with a stamp of the foot in his voice, and hands stretched out for hers. Before she could answer she was whirled away.

After all, it had been rather pleasant nonsense, and of course he had had to make some excuse; it was absurd that he and Pauline should sit flirting together the

whole evening; she hoped there would be an end to that for the present, at least.

The country-dance was over, and the indefatigable performers were grouping for the last reel before supper.

"Elsie, you had better dance with Blake. He is Blundell's skipper, rather a swell, and he is standing there with no one to speak to. Now, Mr. Blake, Miss Calverley is going to take you for her partner this time."

"Me, sir? I'm, I'm—its pertickler kind of you, sir, and of the young lady"—with a bow to each. "But I ain't quite right on my legs—borned that way. Very much obliged indeed, sir." And the flattered skipper retreated, thinking vastly higher of the entertainment than he had done previously.

"You had better take one of them," counselled Tom. "They are all hanging together like a pack or sheep. Here you," said he, catching hold of our friend Jerry, and thrusting him forward—"you stand up here; and mind you do your best, for you have got Miss Calverley for a partner."

Jerry, fiery-red to the roots of his hair, and retreating inwardly from all his garments through very limpness, obeyed; and Tom, bidding his cousin keep the set open for him, turned away to match together and hustle to their places as many more of the company as had not already paired, and could give no good reason why they should not be joined together.

"Am I to have the pleasure, at last?"

Blundell had heard Tom gallantly soliciting the hand of the blooming village schoolmistress, and had found his way down to the lower end of the room forthwith.

"No, indeed! I am dancing with one of your men."

"With *whom*?"

"One of your sailors. There!" indicating the unfortunate Jerry, confronting her with a face so drawn and withered, that the strongest solution of alum poured down his throat could alone have produced a like result.

"Jerry," said his master, quietly, "go and find some one else. And know your place better another time," added he, in a voice that threw yet more alum into the already stiff potation.

"As if it warn't bad enough already," muttered the poor lad, as he turned away. "An' I could ha' sworn it was the t'other one too."

"How dared the fellow presume!" exclaimed Blundell, passionately. "How could your cousin allow it! Pray forgive

me this unintentional annoyance," taking her hand; "such audacity——"

"It was not his fault. He was told to do it."

"Told! Who told him?"

"Tom did from me."

"From you? It was a great mistake. Tom should have known better—he should not have done it."

"He should, if I told him."

Her heart was swelling proudly, but she would not hear the absent condemned. At the moment, in her confusion of spirits she fully believed that the idea itself, not merely the acquiescence in it, had been hers.

"It was a great mistake," repeated Blundell, dictatorially. "You ought not to dance with men like these."

The hand he held was snatched from his. "Excuse me," said Miss Calverley of Calverley, with the air and frown of an empress; "it is for me to judge what I ought and what I ought not to do in matters like this."

And without another word she left him.

From The Nineteenth Century.
MONTENEGRO.*

A SKETCH.

It is sometimes said, in relation to individuals, that the world does not know its greatest men. It might at least as safely be averred, in speaking of large numbers, that Christendom does not know its most extraordinary people. The name of Montenegro, until within the last two years, was perhaps less familiar to the European public than that of Monaco, and little more than that of San Marino. And yet it would, long ere this, have risen to world-wide and immortal fame, had there been a Scott to learn and tell the marvels of its history, or a Byron to spend and be spent on its behalf. For want of the *vates sacer*, it has remained in the mute, inglorious condition of Agamemnon's predecessors.† I hope that an interpreter between Montenegro and the world has at length been found in the person of my friend Mr. Tenyson, and I gladly accept the honor of having been invited to supply a commen-

* 1. *Le Monténégro Contemporain*. Par G. FRILEV, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, et JOVAN WLACHOVITZ, Capitaine au Service de la Serbie. Paris: 1870.

2. *Montenegro und die Montenegriner geschildert* von SPIRIDION GOPTCHEVITCH. Leipzig: 1877.

† Hor., Od. IV. ix. 25.

tary to his text. In attempting it I am sensible of this disadvantage — that it is impossible to set out the plain facts of the history of Montenegro (or Tsernagora in its own Slavonic tongue) without begetting in the mind of any reader strange, and nearly all are strange, to the subject, a resistless suspicion of exaggeration or of fable.

The vast cyclone of Ottoman conquest, the most formidable that the world has ever seen, having crossed the narrow sea from Asia in the fourteenth century, made rapid advances westward, and blasted, by its successive acquisitions, the fortunes of countries the chief part of which were then among the most civilized, Italy alone being excepted, of all Europe. I shall not here deal with the Hellenic lands. It is enough to say that Bulgaria, Serbia (as now known), Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, gradually gave way.

Before telling the strange tale of those who, like some strong oak that the lightning fails to rive, breasted all the wrath of the tempest, and never could be slaves, let me render a tribute to the fallen. For the most part, they did not succumb without gallant resistance. The Serbian sovereigns of the fifteenth century were great and brave men, ruling a stout and brave people. They reached their zenith when, in 1347, Stephen Dushan entitled himself emperor of Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians. In an evil hour, and to its own ruin, the Greek empire invoked against him the aid of the Ottoman Turks. In 1356, he closed a prosperous career by a sudden death. On the fatal field of Kossovo, in 1389, treachery allied itself with Ottoman prowess to bring about the defeat of the Serbian army; and again it was by treacherous advances that a qualified subjection was converted into an absolute servitude. The West, with all its chivalry, can cite no grander examples of martial heroism than those of Marko Kraljevitich, so fondly cherished in the Serbian lands, and of George Castriotes or Scanderbeg, known far and wide, and still commemorated by the name of a *vicolo* of Rome.

The indifference, or even contempt, with which we are apt to regard this field of history, ought to be displaced by a more rational, as well as more honorable, sentiment of gratitude. It was these races, principally Slavonian, who had to encounter in its unbroken strength, and to reduce, the mighty wave, of which only the residue, passing the Danube and the Save, all but overwhelmed not Hungary alone, but Austria and Poland. It was

with a Slavonian population that the Austrian emperor fortified the north bank of the Save, in the formation of the famous military frontier. It was Slav resistance, unaided by the West, which abated the impetus of the Ottoman attack just to such a point, that its reserve force became capable of being checked by European combinations.

Among the Serbian lands was the flourishing principality of Zeta. It took its name from the stream, which flows southward from the mountain citadel towards the Lake of Scutari. It comprised the territory now known as Montenegro or Tsernagora, together with the seaward frontier, of which a niggardly and unworthy jealousy had not then deprived it, and with the rich and fair plains encircling the irregular outline of the inhospitable mountain. Land after land had given way; but Zeta ever stood firm under the Balchid family. At last in 1478 Scutari was taken on the south, and in 1483 the ancestors of the still brave population of Herzegovina on the north submitted to the Ottomans. Ivan Tchernoevitch, the Montenegrin hero of the day, hard pressed on all sides, applied to the Venetians for the aid he had often given, and was refused. Thereupon he, and his people with him, quitted, in 1484, the sunny tracts in which they had basked for some seven hundred years, and sought, on the rocks and amidst the precipices, surety for the two gifts, by far the most precious to mankind, their faith and their freedom. To them, as to the pomaks of Bulgaria, and the Bosnian begs, it was open to purchase by conformity a debasing peace. Before them, as before others, lay the *trinita necessitas*, the alternatives of death, slavery, or the Koran. They were not to die, for they had a work to do. To the Koran or to slavery they preferred a life of cold, want, hardship, and perpetual peril. Such is their *Magna Charta*; and, without reproach to others, it is, as far as I know, the noblest in the world.

To become a centre for his mountain home, Ivan had built a monastery at Cetinje, and declared the place to be the metropolis of Zeta. What is most of all remarkable in the whole transaction is, that he carried with him into the hills a printing-press.* This was in 1484, in a petty principality; they were men worsted in war, and flying for their lives. Again, it was only seven years after the earliest volume had been printed by Caxton in the

* Frilley and Wlahoviti, p. 12.

rich and populous metropolis of England; and when there was no printing-press in Oxford, or in Cambridge, or in Edinburgh. It was only sixteen years after the first printing-press had been established (1468) in Rome, the capital of Christendom; only twenty-eight years after the appearance (1456) of the earliest printed book, the first-born of the great discovery.

Then and there,

They few, they happy few, they band of brothers*

voted unanimously their fundamental law, that, in time of war against the Turk, no son of Tsernagora could quit the field without the order of his chief; that a runaway should be forever disgraced, and banished from his people; that he should be dressed in woman's clothes, and presented with a distaff; and that the women, striking him with their distaffs, should hunt the coward away from the sanctuary of freedom.

And, now for four centuries wanting only seven years, they have maintained in full force the covenant of that awful day, through an unbroken series of trials, of dangers, and of exploits, to which it is hard to find a parallel in the annals of Europe, perhaps even of mankind.

It was not to be expected that the whole mass of any race or people should have the almost preterhuman energy, which their lot required. All along, from time to time, the weaker brethren have fallen away; and there were those who said to Ivan, as the Israelites said to Moses, "Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us into this evil place?"† The great Ivan died in 1490, and was succeeded by his eldest son George, who in 1499 was persuaded by his Venetian wife to go back into the habitable world; not of Islam, however, but at Venice. Worse than this, his younger brother Stephen had gone with a band of companions to Constantinople and proposed to Bajazet the Second the betrayal of his country. He, and those whom he took with him, were required to turn Mahometans, and they did it. None could be so fit, as traitors, to be renegades. They then set out with an Ottoman force for the work of conquest. They were met by George, and utterly defeated. But these victors, the men of the printing-press as well as of the sword, were no savages by nature, only afterwards when the Turks in time

made them so. They took back their renegade fellow-countrymen into Montenegro, and allowed them the free exercise of their religion.*

On the retirement of George, which seems only to have become final in 1516,† the departing prince made over the sovereign power to the metropolitan. And now began, and lasted for three hundred and thirty-six years, an ecclesiastical government in miniature over laymen, far more noble than that of the popes in its origin and purer in its exercise, as well as in some respects not less remarkable.

The epithet I have last used may raise a smile. But the greatness of human action, and of human character, do not principally depend on the dimensions of the stage where they are exhibited. In the fifth century, and before the temporal power arose, there was a Leo as truly great as any of the famous mediæval pontiffs. The traveller may stand upon the rock of Corinth, and look, across and along the gulf, to the Acropolis of Athens; and may remember, with advantage no less than with wonder, that these little states of parochial extension, were they that shook the world of their own day, and that have instructed all posterity. But the *basileus*, whom Greece had to keep at arm's length, had his seat afar; and, even for those within his habitual reach, was no grinding tyrant. Montenegro fought with a valor that rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of Thermopylæ and Marathon; with numbers and resources far inferior, against a foe braver and far more terrible. A long series of about twenty prelates, like Moses, or Joshua, or Barak, or the son of Jesse, taught in the sanctuary, presided in the council, and fought in the front of the battle. There were among them many, who were admirable statesmen. These were especially of the Nigcush family, which came in the year 1687 to the permanent possession of power: a power so little begirt with the conveniences of life, and so well weighted with responsibility and care, that in the free air of these mountains it was never coveted, and never abused.

Under the fourteen vladikas, who had ruled for one hundred and seventy years before this epoch, the people of Montenegro not only lived sword in hand, for this they have since done and still do, but nourished in their bosom an enemy more deadly, say the historians,‡ than the pashas and their armies. Not only were

* Shakespeare, "Henry V."

† Numbers xx. 5.

* F. and W., p. 19.

† Goptchevitch, p. 6.

‡ F. and W., p. 21.

they ever liable to the defection of such as had not the redundant manhood required in order to bear the strain of their hard and ever-threatened existence; but the renegades on the banks of the Rieka, whom they had generously taken back, maintained disloyally relations with the Porte, and were ever ready to bring its war-galleys by the river into the interior of the country. At last the measure of patience was exhausted. Danilo, the first vladika of the Nigcush dynasty, had been invited, under an oath of safe-conduct from the pasha of Scutari, to descend into the plain of Zeta, among the homes of his ancestors, for the purpose of consecrating a church. While engaged on this work, he was seized, imprisoned, and cruelly tortured.* At last he was released on a ransom of 3,000 ducats, a sum which the hillsmen were only enabled to make up by borrowing in Herzegovina. It was felt that the time had arrived for a decisive issue; and we come now to a deed of blood which shows that for those human beings with whom the Turk forced himself into contact, and who refused to betray their faith, there were no alternatives but two: if not savages they must be slaves, if not slaves they must come near to being savages.

It was determined to slay by night every one of the renegades, except such as were willing to return to the faith of their fathers. The year was 1702, and the night chosen was that which divided Christmas eve from Christmas-day. The scale was not large, but the operation was terrible; and the narrative, contained in an old *Volkstied*, shows that it was done under that high religious exaltation which recalls the fiery gloom of the "Agamemnon," and the sanguinary episodes of the Old Testament.

The hallowed eve draws onwards. The brothers Martinovitch kindle their consecrated torches. They pray fervently to the new-born God. Each drains a cup of wine; and seizing the sacred torches, they rush forth into the darkness. Wherever there was a Turk, there came the five avengers. They that would not be baptized were hewn down every one. They that embraced the Cross were taken as brothers before the vladika. Gathered in Cetinje, the people hailed with songs of joy the reddening dawn of the Christmas morning; all Tsernagora now was free!†

The war had been a standing rather than an intermittent war, and each party

to it was alternately aggressor and defender. The Turk sought to establish his supremacy by exacting the payment of the *haradsch*, the poll or military-service tax, paid in kind, which sometimes, in the more open parts, as we may suppose, of the territory, he succeeded in obtaining. Once the collector complained that the measure used was too small. The tax-payer smashed his skull with it, and said: "That is Tsernagora measure."‡ But the Montenegrins were aggressive as well as the Turks. Of the fair plains they had been compelled to deliver to the barbarian, they still held themselves the rightful owners; and in carrying on against him a predatory warfare they did no more than take back, as they deemed, a portion of their own. This predatory warfare, which had a far better justification than any of the Highland or Border raids that we have learned to judge so leniently, has been effectually checked by the efforts of the admirable vladikas and princes of the last hundred years; for, as long as it subsisted, the people could not discharge effectually the taint of savagery. It even tended to generate habits of rapine. But the claim to the lands is another matter; there is no lapse of title by user here; the bloody suit has been prosecuted many times in the course of each of twelve generations of men. That claim to the lands they have never given up, and never will.

From 1710 onwards, at intervals, the sovereigns of Russia and Austria have used the Montenegrins for their own convenience when at war with Turkey, and during the war of the French Revolution the English did the like, and, by their co-operation and that of the inhabitants, effected the conquest of the *Bolche di Cattaro*. To England they owe no gratitude; to Austria, on the whole, less than none, for, to satisfy her, the district she did not win was handed over to her with our concurrence. She has rigidly excluded the little state from access to the sea, and has at times even prevented it from receiving any supplies of arms. Russia, however, from the time of Peter the Great, though using them for her own purposes, has not always forgotten their interests, and has commonly aided the vladikas with a small annual subvention, raised, through the liberality of the czar now reigning, to some 3,000*l.* a year; † the salary of one of our railway commissioners. Nor should it be forgotten that Louis

* F. and W., p. 22. G., p. 8.

† G., p. 9.

* Ibid.

† Stated by Goptchevitch as high as 4,000*l.* a year.

Napoleon, seemingly under a generous impulse, took an interest in their fortunes, and made a further addition to the revenues of the prince, which raised them in all to an amount such as would equip a well-to-do English country gentleman, provided that he did not bet, or aspire to a deer-forest, or purchase Sèvres or even Chelsea porcelain.

The most romantic and stirring passages of other histories may be said to grow pale, if not by the side of the ordinary life of Tsernagora, at least when brought into comparison with that life at the critical emergencies, which were of very constant recurrence. What was the numerical strength of the bishop-led community, which held fast its oasis of Christianity and freedom amidst the dry and boundless desert of Ottoman domination? The fullest details I have seen on this subject are those given by Frilley and Wlahoviti. The present form of the territory exhibits the figure which would be produced if two roughly-drawn equilateral triangles, with their apices slightly truncated, had these apices brought together, so that the two principal masses should be severed by a narrow neck or waist of territory. The extreme length of the principality from the border above Cattaro on the west to Mount Kom, the farthest point eastwards of Berda, is about seventy miles; the greatest breadth from north to south is a good deal less; but the line at the narrow point from Spuz on the south to Niksich on the north, both of them on ground still Turkish, does not exceed twenty miles. The reader will now easily understand the tenacity with which a controversy seemingly small has just been carried on at Constantinople between the delegates of Prince Nicholas and the Porte; with *andirivieni* almost as many as marked the abortive conference of December and January, or the gestation of the recent protocol. At these points, the plain makes dangerous incursions into the group of mountains; * and from them the Turk has been wont to operate. The population of his empire is forty millions; and I believe his claims for military service extend over the whole, except the five millions (in round numbers) of free people, who inhabit the Serbian and Roumanian principalities. Let us now see what were the material means of resistance on the other side. About A.D. 1600, there are said to have been thirty-five hundred houses and eight thousand fighting men in Montene-

gro. The military age is from twelve to fifty; and these numbers indicate a population not much, if at all, over thirty thousand. This population was liable to be thinned by renegadism and constant war; but, since the early siftings, the operation of the baser cause appears to have been slight. On the other hand, freedom attracts the free; and tribes, or handfuls, of Turkish subjects near Montenegro have had a tendency to join it. Until a few years back, it never had a defined frontier; it is only in recent times that its eastern triangle, that of Berda, has been added to Tsernagora proper. About 1800, the population had risen to fifty-five thousand. In 1825, to seventy-five thousand. In 1835, the official calendar of Cetinje placed it at one hundred thousand, and in 1865 at one hundred and ninety-six thousand. This included the districts of Grabovo, Rudine, and Joupa, conquered under Prince Danilo. For the mere handful of mountaineers has been strong enough, on the whole, not only to hold but to increase its land. Yet, on the establishment of free Serbia, a tendency to emigrate from the sterile rocks into that well-conditioned country was naturally exhibited; and two battalions composed of the children of Montenegrins helped to make up that small portion of the army of General Tchernaeff, on which alone, in the operations of the recent war, he could confidently rely.

While the gross population of Montenegro, in men, women, and children, was slowly growing through three centuries from thirty to fifty thousand, we must inquire with curiosity what amount of Turkish force has been deemed by the Porte equal to the enterprise of attacking the mountain. And here, strange as it may seem, history proves it to have been the general rule not to attack Montenegro except with armies equalling or exceeding, sometimes doubling or more, in numbers, all the men, women, and children that it contained. In 1712, under the vladika Danilo, fifty thousand men crossed the Zeta between Podgoritz and Spuz. Some accounts raise this force beyond one hundred thousand.* Danilo assailed their camp before dawn on the 29th of July, with an army, in three divisions, which could hardly have reached twelve thousand men. With a loss of three hundred and eighteen men, he slew, at the lowest estimate, twenty thousand. And in these alone, so far as I know, of all modera

* F. and W., pp. 89-91.

* F. and W., p. 23. G., p. 10.

wars, it seems not uncommon to find the slain among the Turks exceeding the gross number of the highland heroes arrayed against them. Great is the glory of the Swiss in their Burgundian wars for freedom; but can it be matched with the exploits of the bishops of Montenegro and their martial flocks? Once more the heart of the little nation relieves itself in song.

The seraskier wrote to Danilo: "Send me your paltry tribute, and three of your best warriors for hostages. Refuse, and I will lay waste the land from the Morea to the salt-sea* with fire and sword, and will seize you alive,† and put you to death by torture." As he read this letter the vladika wept bitterly. He summoned the heads of communities to Cetinje. Some said, "Give them the tax;" but others, "Give them our stones." . . . They determined that they would fight to the last man. They swore with one accord that all they would give the Turk should be the bullet-rain of their muskets.

And thus continues the tale. Three Montenegrins went down to the Turkish encampment by night, and traversed the slumbering masses; just as, in the tenth Iliad, Odusseus and Diomed moved amid the sleeping allies of Troy. Vuko, one of the three, said to his comrades: "Go you back; I abide here to serve the cause." They returned to Cetinje, and said: "So many are the Turks, that, had we three all been pounded into salt, we should not be enough to salt a supper for them." How this recalls the oldest census in the world, the census of Homer, who says: ‡ "Were the Achæians divided into parties of ten, and every Trojan employed in serving them with wine, one for each party, many a ten would lack a wine-server." But, not to terrify their friends, they added that this vast host was but a host of cripples. So the people heard mass, received the benediction of their vladika, and then set out upon the errand of victory or death. Vuko had induced the enemy to rest by the Vladinia, on the plea that they would not find water between that stream and Cetinje. Here, before dawn, came down on them the bullet-rain. They were slaughtered through three days of flight; and the bard concludes: "O my Serbian brothers, and all ye in whose breast beats the heart of liberty, be glad; for never will the ancient freedom perish, so long as we still hold our little Tsernagora!"

The very next year, the Turks assembled one hundred and twenty thousand of their best troops for the purpose of crushing the mountaineers, whose numbers fell within the satirical description applied by Tigranes to the Romans: "Too many for an embassy, too few for an army." But even this was not enough of precaution. Thirty-seven head men of Montenegro, who had proceeded to the Turkish camp to negotiate with the commander, were basely seized and put to death. The Turks now ventured to assail a force one-tenth of its own numbers and deprived of its leaders. They burned the monastery, they carried thousands of women and children into slavery, and then, without attempting to hold the country, they marched off to the Morea, while the men of Tsernagora descended from their rocky fastnesses and rebuilt their villages.* They powerfully befriended Austria and Venice in the war they were then waging, and, as was too commonly the case, were left in the lurch by their allies at the peace of Passarowitz in 1719. The Turks accordingly made bold to attack them in 1722 with twenty thousand men under Hussein Pasha. One thousand Montenegrins took this general prisoner, and utterly discomfited his army.† In 1727, another Turkish invasion was similarly defeated. In 1732, Topal Osman Pasha marched against the Piperi, who had joined them, with thirty thousand men, but had to fly with the loss of his camp and baggage. In 1735 the heroic Danilo passed into his rest, after half a century of toil and glory.

These may be taken as specimens of the military history of Montenegro. Time does not permit me to dwell on what is perhaps the most curious case of personation in all history, that of Stiepan Mali, who for many years together passed himself off upon the mountaineers as being Peter III. of Russia, the unfortunate husband of Catherine, and, in that character, partially obtained their obedience. But the presence of a prince reputed to be Russian naturally stimulated the Porte. Again Montenegro was invaded in 1768 by an army variously estimated at sixty-seven thousand, one hundred thousand, and even one hundred and eighty thousand men. Their force of ten thousand to twelve thousand was, as ever, ready for fight; but the Venetians, timorously obeying the Porte, prohibited the entry of munitions of war. Utter ruin seemed now at

* G., p. 10. The Morea was not then Turkish. Does the "salt-sea" mean the White Sea?

† As opposed to the ordinary practice in these wars, of death on the field without quarter.

‡ Hom., II. ii. 128.

* G., p. 12.

† G., p. 13. F. and W., p. 25.

length to overhang them. A cartridge was worth a ducat, such was their necessity; when five hundred of their men attacked a Turkish division, and had for their invaluable reward a prize of powder. And now all fear had vanished. They assailed before dawn the united forces of the pashas of Roumelia from the south and Bosnia from the north. Again they effected the scarcely credible slaughter of twenty thousand Turks with three thousand horses, and won an incredible booty of colors, arms, munitions, and baggage. So it was that the flood of war gathered round this fortress of faith and freedom, and so it was that flood was beaten back. *Afflavit Dominus, ac dissipantur.*

In 1782 came Peter* to the throne, justly recorded, by the fond veneration of his countrymen, as Peter the Saint. Marmont, all whose inducements and threats he alike repelled, has given this striking description of him: "*Ce vladika, homme superbe, de cinquant ans environ, d'un esprit remarquable, avait beaucoup de noblesse et de dignité dans ses manières. Son autorité positive et légale dans son pays était peu de chose, mais son influence était sans bornes.*"† As bishop, statesman, legislator, and warrior, he brought his country safely through eight-and-forty years of scarcely intermitted struggle. Down to, and perhaps after, his time, the government was carried on as in the Greece of the heroic age. The sovereign was priest, judge, and general; and was likewise the head of the assembly, not representative, but composed of the body of the people, in which were taken the decisions that were to bind the people as laws. This was called the *Sbor*; it was held in the open air; and when it became unruly, the method of restoring order was to ring the bell of the neighboring church. Here was promulgated for the first time in the year 1796, by his authority, a code of laws for Montenegro, which had hitherto been governed, like the Homeric communities, by oral authority and tradition. In 1798 he appointed a body of judges, and in 1803 he added to the code a supplement. With the nineteenth century, in round numbers, commenced the humanizing process, which could not but be needed among a race whose existence, for ten generations of men, had been a constant struggle of life and death with the ferocious Turk. From his time, the *haradsch* was no more

heard of.* Here is the touching and simple account of the calm evening that closed his stormy day:—

On the 18th of October, 1830, Peter the First, who was then in his eighty-first year, was sitting, after the manner of his country, by the fireside of his great kitchen, and was giving to his chiefs, assembled round him, instructions for the settlement of some local differences which had arisen. The aged vladika, feeling himself weak, announced that his last hour was come, and prayed them to conduct him to the humble cell which, without fire, he inhabited as a hermit would. Arriving there, he stretched himself on his bed; urged upon his chiefs to execute with fidelity the provisions set forth in the will he had that day dictated to his secretary; and then, in conversation and in prayer, rendered up his soul to God. So died this illustrious man, whom a Slavonic writer has not scrupled to call the Louis XIV. of Tsernagora, but who in a number of respects was also its Saint Louis.†

Thirty-five years after his death, Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, in their remarkable tour, visited the country. They found still living some of those who had lived under St. Peter; and thus they give the report of him which they received:—

There are still with us men who lived under St. Peter's rule, heard his words, and saw his life. For fifty years he governed us; and fought and negotiated for us; and walked before us in pureness and uprightness from day to day. He gave us good laws, and put an end to the disorderly state of the country. He enlarged our frontier, and drove away our enemies. Even on his deathbed he spoke words to our elders, which have kept peace among us since he has gone. While he yet lived we swore by his name. We felt his smile a blessing, and his anger a curse. We do so still.§

The voice of his people declared him a saint. Did the Vatican ever issue an award more likely to be ratified above?

I have already indicated resemblances between the characteristic features of Montenegro and of Homeric or Achaian Greece. One of the most remarkable among them is the growth of men truly great in small theatres of action. Not Peter the First only, but his successors, will bear some comparison with those, whom the great Greek historians of the classic period have made so famous. To

* G., p. 21, n.

† Among the *plemenas*, which may be called parishes: subdivisions of the eight *nahias*, say hundreds. All Montenegro is but a moderate county.

‡ F. and W., p. 58.

§ "Travels" of Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, p. 628 (ed. 1867). Also see Goptchevitch, p. 21.

* F. and W., pp. 35-59.

† I quote from F. and W., p. 495.

Peter the First succeeded his nephew Radatomovo, aged seventeen years. He was thereupon invested with the ecclesiastical habit and the sovereignty, and in 1833, when aged only twenty, he received at St. Petersburg episcopal consecration. Sir Gardner Wilkinson informs us that he was nearly six feet eight inches in height, and thoroughly well proportioned. His skill with the rifle was such that, when one of his attendants tossed a lemon into the air, he would readily put a bullet through it. At nineteen the cloud of Turkish war broke upon him from Scutari; for he had refused to accept a *berat* from the Porte, which would have sealed him as a vassal. The pasha's advanced guard of several thousand men* was defeated by a body of eight hundred Montenegrins, at the head of whom the pope Radoviti fell bravely fighting; and no more was heard of the invasion. But this vladika, following up St. Peter's work, set his face sternly against all such lawless habits as remained in the country. In his modes of repression there are curious traits of manners. The manslayer was shot,† but the thief was ignominiously hanged. In the matter of shooting there was a great difficulty; for the terrible usage of the *vendetta*—which had by no means been extirpated from the Ionian Islands twenty years ago—bound the kin or descendants of a man to avenge his death on the person who slew him. The expedient adopted was to shoot by a large platoon, so that the killer could not be identified. I read that, before brigandage and the *vendetta* could be thoroughly put down, some hundreds of lives‡ were taken; more, probably, than were ever lost in the bloodiest battle with the Turk. Internal reform, which partook of a martial character, was the great task of this reign. But not exclusively. Under him was performed one of the feats incredible except in Montenegro. Ten men in 1835 seized by a *coup de main* the old castle of Zabljak, once the capital of Zeta, held it for four days against three thousand Turks, and then surrendered it only by order of the vladika, who was anxious to avoid a war. Nearly all his battles were victories.

This giant had received at St. Petersburg a high education, and was a cultivated man. A friend of mine has seen and admired him at Venice. He goes by the title of "the hero, statesman, poet vladika;" and his verse has given him a high place in Slav literature. He is thus described:—

One while he was to be seen as a captain, sword in hand, giving an example of every military virtue at the head of his troops; another, as a priest and preacher, carrying the cross alone, and subduing his wild compatriots into gentleness; again, as an inexorable judge, ordering the execution of culprits in his presence, or as a prince incorruptible, and refusing all the favors by which it was sought to fetter his independence.

Down to his time, there had been a civil governor who acted under the metropolitan as sovereign; but the holder of the office was deposed for intriguing with Austria, and, when the vladika died at thirty-nine, no successor had been appointed. This perhaps tended to accelerate the change, which was effected on the death of Peter the Poet in 1851. But a share in it was due to that subtle influence, the love of woman, which has so many times operated at great crises upon human affairs. The young Danilo, the nephew of the deceased vladika, designated for the succession, was attached to a beautiful girl in Trieste, and the hope of union with her could only be maintained in the event of his avoiding episcopal consecration, which entailed the obligation of celibacy. The senate almost unanimously supported him in his determination; and thus was effected a change which perhaps was required by the spirit of the times. The old system, among other points, entailed a great difficulty with respect to regulating the succession, which, among a people less simple and loyal, would have been intolerable. So, then, ended that line of the vladikas of Montenegro, who had done a work for freedom, as well as for religion, never surpassed in any country of the globe. Of the trappings and enjoyments of power, they had known nothing. To them, it was endeared as well as sanctified only by burdens and by perils. Their dauntless deeds, their simple, self-denying lives, have earned for them a place of high honor in the annals of mankind, and have laid for their people the solid groundwork on which the future, and a near future as it seems, will build.

Danilo did no dishonor, during his short reign, to the traditions of his episcopal predecessors. He consummated the great work of internal order, and published in 1855 the statute-book in force until 1876. In the war with Omar Pasha (1852-3), the

* F. and W., p. 30. G., p. 23.

† G., p. 22.

‡ G., p. 39.

* F. and W., p. 62.

military fame of the country was thoroughly maintained, under admirable leaders, though as usual with inferior arms and numbers. During the Crimean struggle, he maintained the formal neutrality of his country, though it cost him a civil war, and nearly caused the severance of Berda from the ancient Montenegro.* In May 1858, his brother Mirko revived and rivalled at Grabovo all the old military glories of Tsernagora. Having no artillery, and very inferior arms, the Montenegrins swept down from the hill upon the gunners of the Turks, and destroyed them. In this battle the Ottoman force, enclosed in a basin or *corrie*, without power of retreat, displayed a desperate valor, for which on most other occasions they have not been by any means so remarkable. Nor was their numerical superiority so manifold as it commonly had been. They were defeated with the loss of several thousand lives, fourteen guns, colors, baggage, and munitions. From the bodies of many dead were taken English as well as French medals, obviously granted for the Crimean war, which were seen by Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby among the collection of trophies at Cetinje.† The victory of Grabovo produced a great excitement among the rayahs of Turkey. But the great powers of Europe came to the help of the Porte and its huge empire against the lilliputian state, that is scarcely a speck upon its map. It had to abide a diplomatic verdict. A commission, sitting at Constantinople, accorded to it the advantage of establishing in principle the delimitation of its frontiers, and in 1859 admitted its envoy, notwithstanding the protest of Ali Pasha, to take part in its deliberations. But the powers had in 1857 determined at Paris that, in return for some small accretion, and for access to the sea, Montenegro should definitively acknowledge the suzerainty of the Porte.‡ Her refusal was positive, despite the wishes of the prince. It was to French § not British advocacy that she seems to have owed a declaration of May 1858,|| which acknowledged the independence of the Black Mountain.

In August 1860, Prince Danilo was shot on the quay of Cattaro. The assassin was prompted by a motive of private revenge, for which different grounds are assigned. Like his predecessors, he lived and died a

hero. In what estimation he was held, let Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby testify. On his death his body had been carried up the mountain, and deposited in a church. For many weeks afterwards, as they tell us, this church was filled, morning, noon, and all night through, by his people, men, women, and children; and stalwart warriors were, as of old, dissolved in tears.

Danilo was succeeded by his nephew Nikita, the present prince of Montenegro. He had not at his accession completed his nineteenth year. It is characteristic of the principality that his own father Mirko, the victor of Grabovo, contentedly gave way to him. Goptchevitch, the brother of his aunt, Princess Darinka, acquaints us that he set out with two fixed ideas — the first, to prosecute the civilizing work among his people; the second, to liberate the sister Serbian lands still in servitude.* This writer appears disposed, in regard to the present sovereign, rather to play the part of critic than of eulogist; but ascribes to him great merit in his political conduct and in the prosecution of social reforms. Soon after his accession, Montenegro was worsted, after a long resistance, in a war with Turkey. She had been driven to her crags, when diplomatic mediation brought about a settlement. It was then proved that an empire of thirty-five million *could* gain the advantage against a tribe under two hundred thousand. Only, however, when she could concentrate against it all or nearly all her forces; when she had a general, not a Turk, of the ability of Omar Pasha; when she had reformed her whole armament by means of European loans; and when Montenegro had but her old muskets and old ways. Since then a great change has taken place. The army has been organized in thirty battalions, eight hundred strong; and now for the first time we hear of an endeavor to establish a certain strength of cavalry. The fighting men are reckoned at thirty-five thousand; but the military age begins at twelve. The obligation for offensive service runs only from seventeen; but it appears that the zeal of patriotism carries the people while yet boys into the ranks. The force available for general operations, between seventeen and fifty, amounts to twenty-four thousand. The arms have been greatly improved, two-thirds having breechloaders, all (as is stated) revolvers, and most of them carrying the *handschar*. During the war from July to October, 1876, we heard much of

* F. and W., pp. 65-70. G., p. 35.

† Mackenzie and Irby, p. 610.

‡ F. and W., p. 72.

§ It is fair to say that there is, as far as I know, no English account of the affair.

|| F. and W., p. 73.

* G., p. 40.

the Turkish victories over a Serbian army composed principally of peasants put suddenly into the ranks, with a *salting* of real soldiers; but very little, in comparison, of their failures and defeats in the conflict with Montenegro. Goptchevitch has supplied * a detailed account of the operations. I shall refer only to the most remarkable. On the 28th of July the men of Tsernagora encountered Muktar Pasha, and for once with superior force. Four thousand Turks were killed, but only seventy men of Montenegro. Osman Pasha was taken; Selim was among the slain. At Medun, on the 14th of August, twenty thousand Turks were defeated by five thousand of these heroic warriors; and forty-seven hundred slain. On the 6th of September five battalions of Montenegro defeated Dervisch Pasha in his movement upon Piperi, and slew three thousand of his men. On the 7th of October Muktar Pasha, with eighteen thousand men, drove three Montenegrin battalions back upon Mirotinsko Dolove. Here they were raised, by a junction with Vukotitch, to a strength of six thousand men. Thus reinforced, they swept down upon Muktar, and, after an action of sixteen hours, drove him back to Kloluk, leaving fifteen hundred dead behind him. On the 10th of October Dervisch Pasha effected an advance from the south, until he found himself attacked simultaneously at various points, and had to retreat with a loss of two thousand men. On the 20th of October Medun was taken, and the Ottoman general fled to Scutari, leaving garrisons in Spuz and Podgoritz. The armistice arrested this course of disasters, when the southern army (Dervisch) had been reduced from forty-five thousand to twenty-two thousand, and the northern (Muktar) from thirty-five thousand to eighteen thousand.

So much for that "indomitable pluck" of the Turks which has since moved the enthusiastic admiration of a British minister.

Goptchevitch reckons the slain on the Turkish side at twenty-six thousand; on the side of Montenegro, at one thousand. And there is no wonder if we find the Montenegrins now aspire to breechloaders and to cavalry: they captured from their enemies (with much besides) twelve thousand breechloaders and fifteen hundred horses.

Montenegro brought into action, in all, twenty-five thousand men; seventeen thou-

sand of her own, two thousand allies, and six thousand insurgents from the Turkish provinces: a fact, this last, highly indigestible for those who contend that rebellions in Turkey are not sustained by natives, but by foreigners. The entire Turkish force directed against Tsernagora is stated at the enormous total of one hundred and thirty thousand. It was, of course, chiefly Asiatic.

It will be observed that the whole of these figures are taken from a work on the Slavonic side. The author has had the best means of information; and the statements are written not for our information, but for that of the sober and studious Germans. They are such as might at first sight well provoke a smile of incredulity. Yet, strange to say, they are in pretty close conformity with the general, the nearly unbroken, tenor of a series of wars reaching over four centuries. This is the race which, when asked for tribute, offered stones; whose privations were such, that on one occasion, having taken some hundreds of Turkish prisoners, they gladly accepted in exchange the same number of pigs; who clothe the coward in the garb of woman, but whose women freely grasp the rifle in the hour of need; yet whose men of war weep like women for the dead prince they love; and whose fathers in 1484 carried the printing-press with them to the mountains.

What became of that printing-press? Probably, when, not long after the removal to the hills, a vast army of Ottomans penetrated to Cetinje and burned the monastery, it perished in the flames. The act of carrying it there demonstrated the habits, and implied the hopes, of a true civilization. But those habits and those hopes could not survive the cruel, inexorable incidents of the position. Barbarous himself in origin, and rendered far more barbarous by the habitual tyranny incident of necessity to his peculiar position in these provinces, the Turk has barbarized every tribe about him, except those whom he unmanned. The race of Tsernagora, with their lives ever in their hand, have inhabited not a territory, but a camp; and camp life, bad at the best, is terrible in its operation when it becomes continuous for twelve generations of men. It was only a fraction of the brutality and cruelty of Turks that in course of time was learned by the mountaineers. But even that fraction was enough to stir a thrill of horror. Of the exposure of the heads of the slain I cannot speak so strongly as some, who appear to forget that we did the same

thing in the middle of the last century which Montenegro carried on into this one; and that a Jacobite, fighting for his ancient line of kings, may fairly bear comparison with a race which had claimed a commission not only to conquer all the earth, but to blast and blight all they conquered. On both sides this was a coarse, harsh practice, and it was nothing more. The same cannot be said of the mutilation of prisoners. There was an undoubted case of this kind during the late war, when a batch of Turks had their noses or upper lips or both cut away. This is certainly very far less bad than burning, flaying, impaling, and the deeds worse even than these in Bulgaria, for which rewards and decorations have been given by the Porte. But it was a vile act; and we have to regret that no measures have been taken by the British agency which published it to trace it home, so that we might know the particulars of time, place, and circumstance, and learn whether it was done by Montenegrins or by their allies, who have not undergone the civilizing influence of the last four reigns in Tsernagora. The unnaturally severe conditions, which have been normal in Montenegro's existence, will be best of all understood by the ideas and usages which have prevailed among themselves towards one another. Firstly, we are told that death in battle came to be regarded as natural death, death in bed as something apart from nature. Secondly, agriculture, and still more all trading industry, fell into disrepute among these inveterate warriors, and the first was left to the women, while they depended upon foreign lands to supply the handicrafts. Thirdly, when a comrade was wounded in battle so as to be helpless, the first duty was to remove him; but if this were impossible from the presence of the enemy, then to cut off his head, so as to save him from the shame or torture which he was certain to incur if taken alive by the Turks. Not only was this an act of friendship, but a special act of special friendship. There grew up among the mountaineers a custom of establishing a conventional relationship, which they called bond-brotherhood; and it was a particular duty of the bond-brother to perform this fearful office for his mate. In fact, the idea of it became for the Montenegrin simple and elementary, as we may learn from an anecdote, with a comic turn, given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

When the Austrians and Montenegrins were fighting against the Turks, allies of

the French, on a certain occasion a handful of men had to fly for their lives. Two Austrians were among them, of whom one had the misfortune to be what is called stout. When the party had run some way, he showed signs of extreme distress, and said he would throw himself on the ground, and take his chance. "Very well," said a fellow-fugitive, "make haste, say your prayers, make the sign of the cross, and I will then cut off your head for you." As might be expected, this was not at all the view of the Austrian in his proposal, and the friendly offer had such an effect upon him, that he resumed the race and reached a place of safety. Under the steady reforming influences, which have been at work for nearly a hundred years, few vestiges of this state of things probably remain.

But I will dedicate the chief part of my remaining space to the application of that criterion which is of all others the sharpest and surest test of the condition of a country — namely, the idea it has embraced of woman, and the position it assigns to her.

This is both the weak, the very weak, and also the strong point of Montenegro. The women till the fields, and may almost be said to make them; for Lady Strangford testifies that she saw various patches of ground in cultivation, which were less than three feet square, and it seems that handfuls of soil are put together even where a single root will grow. More than this, over the great ladder-road between Cetinje and Cattaro, the women carry such parcels, bound together, as, being over ten pounds in weight, are too heavy for the post; and Goptchevitch records the seemingly easy performance of her task by a woman who was the bearer of his large and long portmanteau.* Consequently, though the race is beautiful, and this beauty may be seen in very young girls, as women they become short in stature, with harsh and repulsive features. Nor is their social equality recognized, since they not only labor but perform menial offices for the men. One of our authorities † informs us that the husband often beats his wife. This, however, to my knowledge was a practice which did not excite general repugnance, one generation back, among the Hellenic inhabitants of Cefalonia.

The portrait thus set before us is sufficiently ungloriously: let us turn to its more

* G., p. 81.

† F. and W., p. 153.

winning features. Crime of all kinds is rare in Montenegro: Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby inform us that in a year the gaol had but two prisoners. But the crimes, or sins, which have reference to woman, are, whether in their viler or their milder forms, almost unknown. Not violation only, but seduction and prostitution, says Goptchevitch, are not found in Montenegro.* The old law of the country punished all unchastity with death: a law, of which there seem to be traces also in Bulgaria. Everywhere the purity and modesty of the maiden enjoy an absolute respect; and a woman, in every defile, every hamlet of Tsernagora, is a perfect escort for the traveller. Moreover, even the French writer, to whom I am so much indebted, and who seems to view this matter through a pair of Parisian spectacles, candidly admits that the Montenegrin woman is quite satisfied with her state. "*La Monténegrine semble du reste se complaire dans ce rôle d'infériorité et d'abjection.*"† If the condition of the women was not Parisian, neither, it may be truly said, was that of the men.

The women have the same passionate attachment with the men to family and country, and display much of the same valor. Goptchevitch supplies two most remarkable examples. A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage or excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we learn that they are attacked unawares on their way, in a pass where they proceed in single file, by seven armed Turks; who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers, and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the fight proceeds. The wounded man leans against the rock, and, though he receives another and fatal shot, kills two of the Turks before he dies. The sister presses forward, and grasps his rifle and his dagger. At last all are killed on both sides, excepting herself and a single Turk. She asks for mercy; and he promises it, but names her maidenly honor as the price. Indignant, and perceiving that now he is off his guard, she stabs him with the dagger. He tears it from her hand, they close, and she dashes the wretch over the precipice into the yawning depth below.‡

The second anecdote is not less singular. Tidings reach a Montenegrin wife that

her husband has just been slain by a party under the command of a certain aga. Knowing the road by which they are travelling, she seizes a rifle, chooses her position, and shoots the aga dead. The rest of the party take to flight. The wife of the dead aga sends her an epistle. "Thou hast robbed me of both my eyes. Thou art a genuine daughter of Tsernagora. Come to-morrow alone to the border-line, and we will prove by trial which of us was the better wife." The Tsernagorine appeared, equipped with the arms of the dead aga, and alone as she was invited. But the Turkish woman had thought prudence the better part of valor, and brought an armed champion with her, who charges her on horseback. She shot him dead as he advanced, and, seizing her faithless antagonist, bound her and took her home, kept her as a nursemaid for fourteen years, and then let her go back to her place and people.*

Such, in the rudest outline, is the Montenegro of history, and of fact. Such it was. Such it is. But what will it be? On some points we may speak with boldness; on others it must be with reserve. However unskilful may be the hand which has inscribed these pages, it can hardly have expelled so completely from the wonderful picture both its color and its form, as not to have left in it vestiges at least and suggestions of a character greatly transcending the range of common experience, and calculated to awaken an extraordinary interest. Montenegro, which has carried down through four centuries, in the midst of a constant surge of perils, a charmed life, we may say with confidence will not die. No Russian, no Austrian eagle, will build its nest in the Black Mountain.† The men of Tsernagora, who have never allowed the very shadow of a Turkish title to grow up by silent prescription, will claim their portion‡ of an air and soil genial to man, and of free passage to and fro over the land and sea which God has given us. It is another question whether their brethren of the Serbian lands will amalgamate with them politically on an extended scale, and revive, either by a federal or an incorporating union, the substance, if not the form, of the old Serbian State. Such an arrangement would probably be good for Europe, and would go some way to guarantee freedom and self-government to the other

* G., pp. 76-7.

† F. and W., p. 150.

‡ G., p. 79.

* Ibid., p. 78. F. and W., p. 159.

† In the arms of Montenegro appears a "sovrain eagle" crowned.

‡ F. and W., p. 500.

European provinces of Turkey, whether under Ottoman suzerainty or otherwise. There is another question deeper and more vital. Rudeness and ferocity are rapidly vanishing; when their last trace disappears, will the simplicity, the truth, the purity, the high-strung devotion, the indomitable heroism, lose by degrees their native tone and their clear, sharp outline, and will a vision on the whole so glorious for them, so salutary and corrective for us,

die away,
And fade into the light of common day?*

To the student of human nature, forty years ago, Pitcairn's Island offered a picture of singular interest, no less remote morally than locally from common life, a paradise, not indeed of high intellect and culture, but of innocence and virtue. It became necessary to find for the growing numbers a larger site; and they were carried to Norfolk Island, when it had been purged of its population of convicts doubled. The spot was lovely, and the conditions favorable; but the organism would not bear transplanting, and the Pitcairners fast declined into the common mass of men. Is this to be the fate of the men of Montenegro when they substitute ease, and plenty, and power, and the pleasures and luxuries of life, for that stern but chivalrous wooing of adversity, the "relentless power," in which they have been reared to a maturity of such incomparable hardihood? I dare not say: they have a firmer fibre, a closer tissue than ever was woven in the soft air and habitudes of Pitcairn; may they prove too strong for the world, and remain what in substance they are, a select, a noble, an imperial race!

In another point of view, they offer a subject of great interest to the inquiries of the naturalist. Physically, they are men of exceptional power and stature. Three causes may perhaps be suggested. The habits of their life have been in an extraordinary degree hardy, healthy, simple; if they have felt the pressure of want at times, they have never known the standing curse of plethora,

*Nec nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.*

Next, may not the severe physical condi-

tions of the Black Mountain have acted as a test, and shut out from the adult community all who did not attain to a high standard of masculine vigor? Among other notable features, they are a people of great longevity. Sir G. Wilkinson (shade of Lewis, hear it not!) found among them, living together as a family, seven successive generations; the patriarch had attained the age of one hundred seventeen, with a son of one hundred. A youth at seventeen or eighteen very commonly marries a girl of thirteen or fourteen.* But, thirdly, I conceive that moral causes may have co-operated powerfully with outward nature in this matter. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* The men who went up with Ivan were men of great souls; and this greatness, transmitted with blood and fortified by habit, may have assisted in supplying us with what seems to be a remarkable case of both natural and providential selection.

For the materials of this sketch I have been principally indebted to the two works named at its head. They are, I believe, the best on the subject; one is large and elaborate, the other, also full, coming down almost to this day. There is as yet no comprehensive book on Montenegro in our language. We have recently had articles on it in the *Church Quarterly Review* and in *Macmillan*, the latter guaranteed by the high name of Mr. Freeman. Sir Gardner Wilkinson led the way thirty years ago with some chapters on the mountain in his Dalmatian work. Dr. Neale has supplied some very brief but interesting notices. Lady Strangford's sketch is slight and thin, but with ample power of observation. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby were able to bestow far more of time and care on a subject well worthy of them, and have probably made by much the most valuable contribution extant in our language, under this as under other heads, to our knowledge of those south Slavonic provinces whose future will, we may humbly trust, redeem the miseries of their past. "Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee; I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations."†

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* Wordsworth, "Ode on Recoll. of Childhood."

* G., p. 76.

† Isaiah lx. 15.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANDIDATE.

ON that same afternoon Mr. Hugh Balfour was also out driving—in a dog-cart; and his companion was Mr. Bolitho, whom he had picked up at an out-of-the-way station, and was conducting to Englebury. It was a dismal drive. There was not the rain here, that there was in Surrey; but in its place there was a raw, damp, gray mist, that hung about the woods and fields, and dripped from the withered briars in the hedges, and covered the thick top-coats of the two men with a fur of wet. Neither cigar nor pipe would keep alight in this cold drizzle; Balfour's left hand, the fingers closed on the spongy reins, was thoroughly benumbed. Even the bland and cheerful Billy Bolitho had no more jokes left.

"I suppose," said Balfour at last, amid the clatter of the cob's hoofs on the muddy road, "I suppose we might as well go up and see the Chorleys this evening?"

"I would rather say the morning," answered Mr. Bolitho, looking mournfully out from between the points of his coat-collar at the black stump of his cigar. "Chorley is one of those uncomfortable people who dine about five and have prayers at nine."

It was wrong of Mr. Bolitho to make this random charge against the Englebury solicitor, for he knew absolutely nothing about the matter. He was, however, thoroughly uncomfortable. He was cold, damp, and hungry. He had visions of the "Green Man," at Englebury, of an ample dinner, a warm room, and a bottle of port wine. Was he going to adventure out again into this wretched night, after he had got thoroughly dry and comfortable, all because of a young man who seemed to pay no heed to the requirements of digestion?

It was quite dark when they at last drove over the bridge and up into the main thoroughfare of Englebury; and right cheerful looked the blazing shops of the small town. They passed under the sign of the "Green Man" into the spacious archway; the great bell summoned the ostler from out of the gloom; they jumped down and stamped their feet; and then they found themselves face-to-face with a

very comely damsel, tall and slender, and dark of face, who in the absence of her sister, the landlady, wanted to know if the gentlemen would order dinner before going up-stairs to their rooms. As she made the suggestion, she glanced up at a goodly row of joints and fowls that were suspended from the roof of the central hall, outside the capacious, shining, and smiling bar.

"You order the dinner, Bolitho," said Balfour. "I'm going to see that the cob is looked to."

"Confound the cob," said the other; but Balfour had already disappeared in the darkness; so he turned with great contentment to the distinguished-looking and gracious young person, and entered into a serious consultation with her. Mr. Bolitho was not in the habit of letting either cobs or country solicitors stand in the way of his dinner.

And a very sound and substantial dinner it was that they had in the snug little room on the first floor, after they had got on some dry clothing, and were growing warm again. There was a brisk fire blazing in the grate; there were no fewer than four candles in the room, two on the table and two on the mahogany sideboard. Balfour laughed at the business-like manner in which Mr. Bolitho ploughed his way through the homely feast; but he was sharply hungry himself; and he so far departed from his ordinary habits as to call for a tankard of foaming stout. The agreeable young lady herself waited on them; although she did not know as yet that one of the strangers wished to represent her native town in Parliament. She seemed a little surprised, however, when, at the end of dinner, the younger gentleman asked whether she could send him up a clay pipe, his own wooden one having gone wrong. She had overheard the two friends talking about very great persons indeed as though they were pretty familiar with them; and a fourpenny cigar from the bar would, she considered, have been more appropriate. But the other gentleman redeemed himself in her eyes by ordering a bottle of the very best port wine they had in the house.

"Gracious goodness," cried Balfour, with a loud laugh; "what do you mean, Bolitho?"

"I mean to make myself comfortable," said the other, doggedly.

"Oh, it is comfortable you call it," remarked the younger man. "Well, it is a good phrase."

"Yes, I mean to make myself comfort,

able," said Mr. Bolitho, when he had drawn in his chair to the fire, and lit a cigar, and put a glass of port on the mantle-piece, "and I also mean to give you some advice—some good and excellent advice, which is all the more appropriate since you may be said to be beginning to-day your canvass of the borough of Englebury. Well, I have had to do with a good many candidates in my time; but I will say this for you, that you are just about the last man in the world I would choose to run for a seat if I had any choice."

"That is cheerful, at any rate," said Balfour, who had lit his long clay, and was contentedly stretching out his legs to the fire. "Go on."

"I say it deliberately. If you get in at all, it won't be through any action on your own part. I would almost rather fight the election for you in your absence. Why, man, you have no more notion of conciliating anybody than an Arctic bear has. Don't you know you are asking a great favor when you ask people to return you to Parliament? You don't suppose you can cheek every constituency as you cheeked those poor wretches at Ballinascroon?"

"My dear philosopher and friend," said the culprit, "I am not aware of having ever addressed a word to any elector of Englebury, barring your Mr. Chorley."

"I don't mean here or now," said Bolitho, who thought he would read this young man a sound lesson when he was about it. "I mean always and everywhere. A man cannot get on in politics who blurts out his opinions as you do yours. You can't convince a man by calling him a fool. You have been spoiled. You got your first seat too easily; and you found yourself independent of the people who elected you. If you had had to conciliate your constituency as some men have, it would have been useful practice for you. I tell you, a member of Parliament cannot afford to be continually declaring his opinions, as if he had all the wisdom in the world—"

Here the culprit, far from being meek and attentive, burst out laughing.

"The fact is, Bolitho, all this harangue means that you want me to be civil to Chorley. Doesn't it, now?"

Mr. Bolitho, being in a pleasant humor, suffered a shrewd, bland smile to appear about the corners of his mouth.

"Well," said Balfour, frankly, "I mean to be enormously civil to old Chorley—so long as he doesn't show up with some

humbug. But mind you, if that old thief, who wants to sell the borough, in order to get a good price for his filched common, begins to do the high virtuous business, then the case becomes altered. Civil? Oh, yes, I shall be civil enough. But you don't expect me to black his boots?"

"You see," said Mr. Bolitho, slowly, "you are in rather an awkward position with regard to these two people—I will tell you that honestly. You have had no communication with them since you first saw them in Germany?"

"No, none."

"Well, you know, my gay young friend, you pretty nearly put your foot in it by your chaffing old Chorley about selling the piece of green. Then, no sooner had they got over that than Lady Sylvia—you know what I mean."

Balfour looked a bit annoyed.

"Leave Lady Sylvia out of it," said he. "She does not want to interfere in these things at all."

"No," said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously, "but you see there is the effect of that—that remark of hers to be removed. The Chorleys may have forgotten—they will make allowances—"

"They can do as they like about that," said Balfour, bluntly, "but Lady Sylvia won't trouble them again. Now as to the bit of common?"

"Well, if I were you, I would say nothing about it at present."

"I don't mean to, nor in the future either."

"You don't intend to make him an offer?"

"Of course not."

Mr. Bolitho looked at the young man. Had he been merely joking when he seemed to entertain seriously the project of bribing Mr. Chorley by purchasing his land from him? Or had some new and alien influence thwarted his original purpose? Mr. Bolitho instantly thought of Lady Sylvia.

"Perhaps you are right," said he, after a second or two. "Chorley would be shy of taking an offer, after you had directly described the thing as bribing the town. But all the more you should be conciliatory to him and to his wife. Why should they fight for you?"

"I don't know."

"What have you to offer them?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are asking a great favor, as I said before."

"Well, you know, Bolitho, Englebury has its duty to perform. You shouldn't

make it all a matter of private and personal interchange of interests. Englebury has its place in the empire; it has the proud privilege of singling out a faithful and efficient person to represent it in Parliament; it has its relations with the British Constitution; and when it finds that it has the opportunity of returning so distinguished a person as myself, why shouldn't it jump at the chance? You have no faith in public virtue, Bolitho. You would buy land, and bribe. Now that is wrong."

"It's all very well for you to joke about it," said Mr. Bolitho, rather gloomily, "but you'll sing a different tune if you find yourself without a seat after the next general election."

On the following morning they walked up through the town which Mr. Balfour aspired to represent towards Mr. Chorley's house. It was a bright morning after the rain; the sun shining pleasantly on the quaint old town, with its huddled red-and-white houses, its grey church, its high-arched bridge that spanned a turbidly yellow river. Mr. Chorley's house stood near the top of the hill—a plain, square, red-brick building, surrounded by plenty of laurels and other evergreens, and these again enclosed by a high brick wall. They were ushered into a small drawing-room, stuffed full of ornaments and smelling of musk. In a few moments Mr. and Mrs. Chorley entered together.

Surely, nothing could be more friendly than the way in which they greeted the young man. The small, horsey-looking solicitor was prim and precise in his manner, it is true; but then he was always so. As for Mrs. Chorley, she regarded the young man with a pleasant look from over her silver spectacles, and begged him and Mr. Bolitho to be seated, and hoped they had had an agreeable drive on that bright morning. And when Mr. Bolitho explained that they had arrived on the previous evening, and had put up at the Green Man, she was good enough to express her regret that they had not come right on and accepted the hospitality of herself and her husband for the night.

"But perhaps," said she, suddenly, and with an equally sudden change in her manner, "perhaps Lady Sylvia is with you?"

"Oh dear, no!" said Balfour, and he instantly changed the subject by beginning to talk about his experiences down in Somersetshire, and how he had heard by accident that Mr. Bolitho was in the neighbourhood of Englebury, and how he had

managed to pick him up. That alarming look of formality disappeared from Mrs. Chorley's face. Mr. Chorley suggested some sherry, which was politely declined. Then they had a talk about the weather.

But Balfour was not a timid man, and he disliked beating about the bush.

"Well, Mr. Chorley," said he, "how are your local politics? Government very unpopular? Or rather I should ask—as interesting me more nearly—is old Harnden still unpopular?"

"Mr. 'Arnden is not very popular at present," said Mr. Chorley, with some caution. "He does his duty well in Parliament, no doubt; but, after all, there are—certain courtesies which—which are due to one's constituents——"

"Exactly," said Balfour. "I have discovered that in the case of the place I represent. The courtesies that pass between me and the people of Ballinascroon are almost too beautiful. Well, what about the chance of a vacancy at the next general election?"

In reply to this blunt question, Mr. Chorley regarded the young man with his shrewd, watchful, small blue eyes, and said, slowly,—

"I don't know, sir, that Mr. 'Arnden has any intention at present of resigning his seat."

This guardedness was all thrown away on Balfour.

"What would be my chances," said he, curtly, "if I came down and contested the seat?"

Here Mrs. Chorley broke in. From the moment they had begun to speak of the next election, the expression of her face had changed. The thin lips were drawn more firmly together. Instead of the beaming maternal glance over her spectacles, there was a proud and cold look, that was at once awful and ominous.

"If I may be allowed to speak, Mr. Balfour," said she, in lofty accents, "I would say that it is rather strange that you should mention any such proposal to us. When we last spoke of it, you will remember that some remarks were applied to us by Lady Sylvia, which were never apologized for—by her, at least. Have you any explanation to make?"

There was a sudden flash of fire in the deep-set, grey eyes. Apologize for his wife to such people as these?

"Explanation?" said he, and the tone in which he spoke caused the heart of Mr. Bolitho to sink within him. "If Lady Sylvia spoke hastily, that only convinced me the more of the folly of allowing wom-

en to interfere in politics. I think the business of an election is a matter to be settled between men."

There was a second or two of awful silence. A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen. Mrs. Chorley rose.

"I, at least," said she, in majestic accents, and with an indescribable calm, "will not interfere in this election. Gentlemen, good morning. Eugenius, the chaise is at the door."

With that she walked in a stately manner out of the room, leaving the burden of the situation on her unfortunate husband. He looked rather bewildered; but nevertheless he felt bound to assert the dignity of the family.

"I must say, Mr. Balfour," said he, rather nervously, "that your language is — is unusual. Mrs. Chorley only asked for — for an expression of regret — an apology which was only our due after the remarks of — of Lady Sylvia —"

By this time Balfour had got on his feet, and taken his hat in his hand. All the Celtic blood in his veins was on fire.

"An apology!" he said. "Why, man, you must be mad! I tell you that every word my wife said was absolutely true; do you expect her to send you a humble letter, begging for your forgiveness? I apologized for her hastiness at the time; I am sorry I did. For what she said then, I say now — that it is quite monstrous you should suddenly propose to use your influence in the borough on behalf of a man who was an absolute stranger to you; and if you imagined that I was going to bribe you by buying that waste land, or going to bribe the borough by giving them a public green, then get that notion out of your head as soon as possible! Good morning, Mr. Chorley. Pray tell Mrs. Chorley that I am very sorry if I have hurt her feelings; but pray tell her too that my wife is not conscious of having said anything that demands an apology."

And so this mad young man and his companion went out, and walked down the main street of Englebury in the pleasant sunshine. And it was all in vain that Mr. Bolitho tried to put in his piteous prayers and remonstrances. The borough? He would see the borough sink into the bottomless pit before he would allow his wife to apologize for a speech that did her infinite honor! The election? He would fight the place if there were ten thousand Chorleys arranged against him!

"I tell you you have gone stark staring mad," said the despairing Mr. Bolitho. "Chorley will immediately go over to

Harnden — you will see. His wife will goad him to it. And how can you think of contesting the seat against Harnden and Chorley combined?"

Nature had not conferred a firm jaw on Mr. Hugh Balfour for nothing.

"I tell you in turn," said the young man, who was neither to hold nor to bind, simply because something had been said about his wife, "I tell you in turn that I mean to contest the seat all the same; and, what is more, by the Lord Harry, I mean to win it!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHIST AT OUR CLUB.

AT our club, which is a most respectable club, a good deal of whist has been played during the last ten or twenty years. The time was when men used to meet together o' nights for the sake of cards and gambling. It was thus that Fox and his friends used to — I was going to say amuse themselves, but I fear that with them the diversion went beyond amusement. But with us at our club there is nothing of that kind. There are perhaps a dozen gentlemen, mostly well stricken in years, who, having not much else to do with their afternoons, meet together and kill the hours between lunch and dinner. I do not know that they could find a wiser expedient for relieving the tedium of their latter years. I have said that they have nothing to do with their afternoons. I doubt whether many of them have much to do with their mornings. Breakfast, the newspaper, perhaps a letter or two, with a little reading, carry them on to lunch and their glass of sherry. After that there may be a little walking, or perhaps some gentle exercise on an easy cob, a slight flutter of impatience, and then at length the hour of delight has come. Between three and four the party is assembled, and the delight is reached which, for us, makes easy the passage to the grave.

Every one knows how Talleyrand, the reputed father of all modern French good sayings, is supposed to have remarked that he who did not learn to play cards was preparing for himself a melancholy old age. In looking round at these bald, grey, wrinkled, and somewhat infirm companions of mine, who are gentlemen, and have, some of them, done something in the world, I am often disposed to declare to myself that whoever said that saying spoke the truth. If we were not playing

whist, what should we be doing? There comes a time of life when the work of life naturally ceases. The judge becomes deaf and resigns. The active civil servant is active no longer, and either takes a pension, or escapes early from his desk. The lawyer has made his fortune, or is forced to give way to newer men. The capacity for twelve hours of labor is at any rate gone. Books cannot be read forever. If the mind would stand it—which it will not—the eyes would fail. Cricket, rowing, deer-stalking, even hunting and shooting, are all gone. The women will not let you make love to them—unless you are rich and a bachelor, and then the love-making is soon over. What else should an old gentleman do? If he can say his prayers all the time, or give himself up to continued meditation and the “labelling of his thoughts”—if he can dream Platonic Utopias, or theorize in his armchair on that still undiscovered “greatest good”—then he may sink down quietly without the assistance of a card-table. To some, but only to a few, can it be given to relieve the tedium of a *fainéant* existence by the consciousness of the dignity of a Parliamentary bench. If you can become a legislator, you may get through your hours, uneasily indeed, but with the satisfaction of self-importance. But if none of these things suffice for you or be open to you, it will be well for you when you are old that you shall know something of the rules of whist and belong to such a club as ours.

I do not think that there is among us much propensity to gambling. Some have, indeed, a keen eye to their money; but they look rather to holding themselves harmless, and having their amusement for nothing, than to the making of any profit. One or two are perhaps buoyed up with the hope that the day may come when they shall make something, though the day never seems to come. Some are manifestly indifferent, taking and paying their shillings without a feeling. I do not think that these get so much amusement out of the proceeding as it ought to give. We have one old gentleman who evidently likes to pay. The glory of making a trick is all the world to him; but though he has played cards for many years, he never seems quite to have reconciled himself to the idea of taking money out of another man's pocket.

We play shilling points. Any member of the club who comes into that room can join any table which is not yet full at shilling points. And, as a rule, this modest limit is preserved. If, now and again, two

gentlemen choose to bet a sovereign, no complaint is made. The habit is distasteful to the majority; but a club is a club, and men like to feel themselves free. As long as the rules of the club are not broken, the co-partners at the table cannot complain. In this way occasionally a little excitement is added; but I do not think that the life, the spirit, the noise, the evident vivacity, and the generally happy disposition of the room, depend upon the gambling. If it did, there would be no content; for I know no one who wins and no one who loses. In spite of these sovereign bets, which perhaps are becoming a little more frequent than they used to be, I do not think that in our club anybody is ever injured in the way of money. They can afford to pay the stakes they lose, and are none the better for what they win. It is not thence that the excitement comes. And yet there is a great deal of excitement.

Excitement is a great step towards happiness, particularly to those who are over sixty. Cicero has put into the mouth of the orator Antony an opinion which certainly was not his own. He makes Antony say that leisure—the doing of nothing—is the sweetest resource of old age. Old men have often said so; but foxes also have often said that grapes were sour. Old men are as fond of activity, as much given to excitement, as prone to keep themselves busy, and to have what we may call a full life, as their juniors; but these delights do not come easily to them.

The failure in our powers, which envious nature prepares for us, affects our body, and perhaps unfortunately our minds, before it touches our wills. The lean and slippered pantaloons would be as full of wise instances as the justice, if he could get any one to hear him; and the justice, would, but for shame, be as full of strange oaths, and as jealous in honor, if not as quick in quarrel, as the soldier. The old man likes excitement if he can find it; and they who frequent the next room to the whist-room at our club say that we have been successful in our search. Voices could not be so loud, contradiction so frequent, rebukes so rife—there could not be such rising storms, nor then such silent lulls, unless the occupation in hand were one on which those occupied were very much intent. The silence is as notable as the voices—and they are very notable; a dozen men could not be so suddenly and so awfully silent unless engaged on something which fills their very souls

with solicitude. And certainly no dozen men could make such a row—gentlemen too, old gentlemen, respectable old gentlemen—unless they were very much in earnest.

I think the charm in our club comes from the fact that no one plays very well, but that we know enough of the rules to talk about them and to think that we play in accordance with them. All the recognized treatises on the games are in the room. We have taken great care on that point; and our allusions to Clay, Cavendish, and the great professors, are so frequent as to make an unaccustomed bystander suppose that not one of us is ignorant of any one enunciated law. But the knowledge of laws and the practice of them are different things, especially when the practice has to be instantaneous, and when its efficacy depends on the memory of all that has gone before. Now I find that at our club everybody remembers his own cards, or, at any rate, those on which he has based his hopes of success, while no one remembers his partner's cards. But that latter is the special memory which his partner expects from him. Therefore there is often a diversity of opinion.

I take it for granted that the injustice of each is never apparent to himself—the injustice of always demanding from another exactly that trouble which the unjust player never takes himself. "Good——! I played you the eight of spades and you trumped it with the last trump, though you must have known that the seven was the only one left!" Then the enraged speaker tears his hair and looks around. Or perhaps he is of a saturnine nature—more severe, but less demonstrative. "Well, Dr. Pintale, if you call that whist, I don't." Upon that the severe one purses his lips together and is silent, intending to impress upon the company around a conviction that Dr. Pintale's capacity for whist is of such a nature that words would be altogether thrown away upon him. Dr. Pintale for the moment is cowed. There is not a word to be said in excuse. No doubt he has thrown away a trick which a good player would have saved. He knows in his own heart that his dear friend Sir Nicholas Bobtail, the partner who has just so severely punished him, and who, in any other matter, would move heaven and earth to succor him, never remembers the sevens and eights himself. Sir Nicholas makes as many blunders as anybody in the club, but has a sharp way of snarling, which often saves him from the criticism of his friends. Poor Dr. Pintale is meek-

ness itself, till roused by exaggerated injuries, when sometimes he will say a word. "I do call that rather hard," continues Sir Nicholas, turning to one of his adversaries. "With that trick we should just have been out, and I haven't won a rubber this afternoon." Poor Pintale sits quiet and repentant, but patting his soft fat hands together under the table as the irritation rises to his gentle heart. "I wish you'd tell me why you did it, Dr. Pintale?" asks Sir Nicholas, as though he really wanted information on the matter.

Pintale would not have minded it so much had he not been called "doctor." The doctor and Sir Nicholas have been friends for the last thirty years. For all these years they have been "Bobtail" and "Pintale" to each other, long before any decorative letters, any D.C.L. or K.C.B., had been appended to their names. Either would have been prepared to write an epitaph for the other, attributing to him all the virtues which can adorn a man, a friend, and a Christian. But when you have petted up your penultimate best card, and have succeeded in extracting all the trumps except that happy remnant in your partner's hand; when all your manoeuvres have been successful, and fortune has sat square upon your brow; when the delightful moment has come for showing to friends and foes how complete has been your strategy,—then to be crushed by the fatuous inattention of your own ally—that is too much for human friendship! It is as though one's own wife should turn against one in one's own profession. "I wonder why he did do it?" said Sir Nicholas, turning round to one of the expectant bystanders.

"I've seen you make the same mistake yourself fifty times," says the doctor, pressed beyond his bearing.

"That's a mere *tu quoque*," says the K.C.B.

"I've seen you do it a hundred times—two hundred times," rejoins the D.C.L., very red in the face. Then the door is opened, and somebody looks in from the passages; after which the matter is allowed to drop, the doctor having evidently become a little ashamed of himself.

The wonderful thing in whist is this,—that ignorance of any of those intricate rules by which the game is governed is regarded as so disgraceful that nobody will admit it; nor will any one allow that he is wanting in that perfect and prolonged practice without which no proficient in any art can bring his rules to bear at

the moment in which they are wanted: and yet players generally would be ashamed to have it supposed that they had devoted to a mere game of cards so great a proportion of their intellect and their time as to have mastered these rules, and to have familiarized themselves with the practice. Who would not be ashamed to be known as a first-class billiard-player, and to confess an intimacy so close with pockets, chalk, and ivory balls as to have left himself time for no more worthy pursuit? For to play billiards as billiards can be played requires the energy of a life. Nor even will an ambitious man, or one who desires success in a profession, be anxious to be accounted among the grand chess-players of the day. The art of chess-playing, excellent as it is, does not lead to results great enough in themselves to justify the expenditure of labor and intelligence which is necessary for perfection. We may say the same of all those amusements which have by means of their own success so run over their original boundaries as to have become the subject of scientific study. Here and there a man has the leisure and the intellect, and in the absence of a higher ambition he devotes his life to elucidate a game. We admire his ingenuity, but we do not think very much of his career. There is something better to be done in the life of all of us than chess, or billiards, or whist. In regard to the two former, no one demands that others shall play well. But in whist it seems to be implied that if a man does not know and practise all the rules which have ever been invented, he ought to be ashamed of himself! This is carried so far at our club that every player is presumed to know all the rules—and to depart from them, not from inexperience, not from ignorance, not from temporary aberration of mind, but from some devilish malignity which has induced him at that moment to do evil that others might be tormented.

At our club the main rules are known. They are so frequently discussed that it is impossible that we should forget them. Clay and Cavendish are in our hands at every turn. With five trumps, the worst among us would lead a trump. When we are weak ourselves, we do not force our partners. We know how to finesse a queen, and I think we generally count the trumps,—at any rate, early in the afternoon. There are laws the keeping of which does not require the player to travel much beyond the consideration of his own cards. But we have not arrived at the

reading of our partners' hands, and hence chiefly come those angry words and fiery looks, which do upon the whole, I think, increase rather than diminish our enjoyment. If I throw away a card from a weak suit, it is certainly a grievous thing to have a low card in that very suit at once led to me, and to know that this has been done because my partner would not take the trouble to watch the card as it fell from my hand. The stormiest five minutes that I ever remember came from such a cause as this. Our Mr. Polden—everybody knows old Dick Polden as one of the softest-hearted human beings that ever became a prey to begging-letter writers and weeping women—does not play very well himself. He is an eager, excitable man, whose mind never remains fixed long on the same thing, and who, I may say, almost invariably forgets to practise the care which he expects others to exercise on his behalf. I do not think that he is really choleric, but he has an unfortunate tone of voice and a trick of the eyebrow which make a bystander think sometimes that he will very soon proceed to blows. Those who know him are aware that he is not himself conscious at these moments of exceeding the mildest forms of friendly remonstrance. He was playing not long since with Admiral Greene as his partner. The admiral is a very constant attendant at our club, and perhaps the best player that we have. He is generally a quiet man, but he has a nasty habit of looking round and smiling when his partner makes an egregious blunder, which some of us dislike worse even than being objurgated. On this occasion Dick Polden had two strong suits in his hand, and one that was weak; but, on the whole, he was playing what he considered a great game. He had called for trumps and had thrown away a card from his weak suit. We who were playing against him, I and poor dear Grimley—Sir Peter Grimley, who has since been taken away from us—knew well what Polden was about. At such moments he wriggles in his chair, raises his body a couple of inches in triumphant expectation, and tells the whole tale of his heart to those who watch him. How it was that such a player as the admiral should at such a moment have led from the discarded suit, none of us could understand. Grimley declared that it was intended as a rebuke to poor Polden's somewhat noisy anticipation. I never could believe that, as the admiral is fond of his money, which on this occasion he not only risked but lost. As soon as the

peccant card showed itself on the table, Polden lost all control. "Good —!" he exclaimed, raising both his hands, quite indifferent to the fact that he was thus showing all his cards. "Polden," said the baronet, "that is not whist!"

It certainly was not whist. At the real whist clubs perfect silence is, I am told, preserved. Polden should have borne the blow like a Spartan, and have refrained from massacring the admiral till the deal was over. "Polden, that's not whist!"

"No," said Polden, very hotly — "no; certainly it is not whist. Of course he saw my heart; he couldn't but see it. Everybody knows that he sees everything. I wonder, Grimley, what you would have said if that had happened to you?"

"I should have sworn horribly; but it would have been inwardly, so that no one would have heard me," said Grimley.

"And what would he have said if I had done 'it to 'him'?" continued Polden. Perhaps of all forms of abuse that of addressing yourself to a third person, and of calling your sinning partner "he" or "him," is the most provoking. During all this time the game was going on, and the admiral had only smiled. At every new contortion of Polden's face the admiral smiled again; and as Polden became all contortions, so did the admiral become all smiles. At last the climax was reached. A queen from Polden's long suit of spades was taken by the king, and then his ace was trumped. All this misfortune, no doubt, had come from the admiral's blunder. Polden's case was one of great hardship. But when he flung down his cards, declaring that he couldn't play against three adversaries, and when his cards were therefore called, and when the admiral quietly showed that had they been kept up the game might have been saved, — then it was evident, even to Polden himself, that he had been in the wrong. And he was a man who could dare anything while hot passion gave him the consciousness of right, but who was cowed at once when a feeling that he was in fault had crept in upon him. When the proof had been made perfect that the game might have been saved, he passed his hand over his bald head, and sank back, tamed, upon his chair.

"No doubt," said the admiral, taking the two packs of cards under his two hands, so as to prevent the immediate continuation of the play — "no doubt I made a mistake with that heart."

"Let us say no more about it," said Polden.

"A few words, if you please. We will wait half a minute, if you do not object, Sir Peter." For Grimley, knowing what was coming, had made an attempt to get at one of the packs, so as to lessen, by action, the strength of the admiral's coming attack. "I made a foolish mistake. But I do not think that that justified you in throwing your arms about like a demented windmill. I was driven by your words and actions and looks to think whether in kindness we ought not to speak to your friends." Had the admiral spoken with an angry tone there would have been nothing in it. We are so used to angry tones, and have become so conscious that they are to be regarded as merely an organ accompaniment to our generally pleasant music that had the admiral condescended to be noisy, we should simply have been anxious to get hold of the cards, and begin again. But his tranquillity afflicted us all, and absolutely quelled poor old Polden.

"You're making too much of it," said the baronet.

"Not at all," said the admiral. "I shall expect Mr. Polden to apologize."

Apologize! that was more than any of us could stand. A crowd of men from the other tables had now congregated round us. Perhaps among us all Dick Polden was, perhaps, the most generally popular. Who but he would give up his right to a place to another player? Who but he would remain beyond his time to make up a rubber for others? Who but he would take the chair close to the fire if it were hot, or expose his shoulder to the window if it were cold? When did Polden willingly tread on any man's corn, or fail to soothe any man's vanity? When little subscriptions have had to be raised, who has ever known Polden to refuse his guinea? It was out of the question that he should be reduced to the ignominy of an apology. And, moreover, the very fact of an apology having been demanded and given would be evidence of a quarrel, and it had always been a point with us to declare that, though we were loud, we never quarrelled. We should have been ashamed of our excitability as respectable old gentlemen had we not always been able to assert that each loud enunciation had been simply an amusing incident of our game. When the admiral spoke of an apology, we all felt that he was ignorant of the very nature of the bond which united us. If we could not bear each other's ways without apologies, the whist must be given up. And from dear old Polden too, who at this moment was al-

most in tears! "I don't think that can be necessary," said Dr. Absolom. Dr. Absolom had once been one of the royal doctors, and is a man of authority. By dint of a commanding brow and a loud, steady voice he has acquired a sort of influence over us. His whist is not good, but no one ventures to scold him much. "Perhaps, doctor, if you had played so and so," is the extent to which we go with him. "If I had, the event might perhaps have been different," he will reply, with dignity. The altercation with Dr. Absolom is never carried beyond that.

"Perhaps, Dr. Absolom, you did not hear the remarks which were made," said the angry admiral.

"If I love any one, I love Polden. "I heard them," said I, "and they were very fierce. But I should have thought that we all understood Polden's ferocity by this time."

"Was I fierce?" asked Polden, piteously.

"I should think you were," said the baronet, "and so should I have been. But as for apologies, bless my soul! if we come to that we had better give it all up." Then there was a general acclamation that nothing more was to be said about it, during which the admiral subsided. For the next day or two he was rather stiff in his manner to Mr. Polden, but before the end of the week everything was right again. That I think was the nearest approach to a quarrel that we ever had, and a rumor of it, I fear, got through the club. But in answer to all questions, we have all of us been firm in our assertions that there was no quarrel.

That system of "calling" is, of all self-imposed torments, the most tormenting. Readers, no doubt, will understand what "calling" means. When you wish your partner to lead a trump, you play your cards from some other suit out of their proper course — throwing down, say, the ten on the first round, and the deuce on the second. Players, I think, are generally of opinion that it injures the game — and no doubt it does more harm than good if the partner who is called to does not see the call. But it has this advantage, that it gives an indifferent player a great facility for playing a game of his own, and of scolding his partner for not assisting him. It creates an equality. For though it may be difficult to observe a call, nothing can be easier than calling itself. "You didn't see my call," says the injured one afterwards — or very frequently not waiting till afterwards.

"Did you call?"

"Well, rather. It would have made two tricks' difference — that's all." Then the offending one, knowing that this must be an exaggeration, goes to work — not to defend himself, but to prove that at the outside one trick only would have been saved had he been attentive.

It seems to me that at our club one's partner never sees a call, but that it is very often seen by the adversaries. Therefore, at our club, if you are peculiarly anxious that trumps should not be led, so that you may ruff this suit or the other, then is the time to call. You have two adversaries, but only one partner. If you know your man, you may perhaps be almost sure that he will be blind; and in this way you stop your enemy from playing his game and get him to play yours.

"You have no right to look like that when you call," Sir Nicholas said the other day to Dr. Pintale.

"I may look as I please," said the doctor.

"Certainly not. When you put down your second card in that way, and then look up at your partner, you might just as well say out loud what you want. I appeal to the table."

Dr. Absolom and Mr. Poser were playing. Mr. Poser is a young man under fifty, who has come in among us I hardly know why, and who writes poetry, which I hope is better than his whist. He is an amusing man, and we rather like having a poet.

"My friend Dr. Pintale is perhaps a little demonstrative," said Dr. Absolom.

"Lesbia hath a calling eye," sang Mr. Poser; "and some of us know for what he calleth."

Then it was presumed that the evidence had been adverse to Dr. Pintail; and he was constrained to promise that he would henceforth keep his features in better order.

Mr. Thompson's objection to the practice — a practice which he never could bring himself in the least to understand — was, I think, both true and picturesque. Mr. Thompson is a clergyman, who, in former days, did the light work of a city parish, whose church has been now pulled down, and who therefore, feeling that his own clerical position has been, as it were, stolen from him, disports himself, very quietly, like a layman. It is he who is so greedy of making tricks, and is so unwilling to take the money that he wins. He is an old man, of a sweet temperament, and much tinged with romance. "Why

graft another thorn upon the rose?" said he—"and a sharper thorn than those with which nature has surrounded her?"

But in very truth it is the presence of the thorns which constitutes the delight of our whist. I used to think, when I would walk home from our club after a bout of scolding which had lasted the whole afternoon, that there was something in our eager words derogatory to the dignity of old age, and I have asked myself more than once whether it would not become me to abandon a pursuit which evidently could not be followed without hard words. For I was soon convinced that whist without scolding was altogether out of the question. But after a little I began to think that the exertion was in itself healthy. As a lot of boys on a playground together can hardly make too much noise as long as they do not fight, so in regard to old men, if they do not quarrel, why should they be restrained from that manifestation of interest which eager loud words evince? To sit and play whist dumb, or with a casual word about the fire, or the table, or the state of the atmosphere, would be so dull that men could only be kept to it by some desire of making money. Of that stain there is, I think, nothing at our club. And therefore, when I found how strong was the determination to silence the admiral when he talked about an apology—how resolute we all were that there should be no acknowledgment of the evidence of a quarrel—I reconciled myself to the noise, and took comfort in assuring myself that whist, as played at our club, is a wise resource for old gentlemen.

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THE ALKALINE AND BORACIC LAKES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY J. ARTHUR PHILLIPS, F.G.S.

IMMEDIATELY east of the range of the Sierra Nevada is an extensive region of alkaline lakes and hot springs, of which very large areas are almost totally barren, the only vegetation consisting of wild sage, yucca, a few cacti, and scanty tufts of bunch-grass.

This district affords, in its many extensive craters and in its lavas, basalts and obsidians, the most conclusive evidence of its volcanic origin, while its solfataras and boiling springs may be regarded as the last representatives of active vulcanicity.

Although this region is one of great scientific interest, and may eventually become industrially important, it appears to be but little known in this country, and it has therefore been thought that a brief description of the district, as well as of that of the borax lakes, lying on the western side of the Sierra, might not be without interest to English readers.

The most remarkable of the alkaline lakes of this portion of California are Mono and Owen's Lakes. The former lies in a depression occupying a portion of an elevated plateau of desert land, situated at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada between the head waters of Owen's and Walker's rivers. The distance from the summit of the range to the lake-shore is about six miles, and the difference of elevation is about six thousand feet. On all sides, excepting towards the Sierra, this lake is surrounded by a wide belt of desert, the total area of which is from four hundred to five hundred square miles.

Mono Lake is about fourteen miles long, from east to west, and nine wide, from north to south; but it was formerly much larger than it is at present; this is indicated by numerous terraces, by means of which the lines of its ancient shores may be readily traced.

The water of this lake, which has a high specific gravity, and is alkaline and extensively saline, is not easily thrown into waves, but is generally smooth and glassy. Near its north shore there are springs which have produced extensive deposits of tufa, some of which rise several feet above the surface in forms resembling gigantic fungi.

There are numerous islands in this lake, two of which are of considerable size, the largest being two and a half miles long, from north to south, and the other about half a mile in length, from east to west. These, as well as a group of smaller islets lying to the north, are entirely composed of volcanic materials.

On the north-eastern corner of the larger island are extensive hot springs and steam-jets, covering an area of some thirty acres, and extending into the lake. The escape of steam and hot gases from so many hundreds of vents is attended with much noise, and the sides of the orifices of many of the fumaroles are incrustated with a reddish-brown substance, which is probably chloride of iron. In the neighborhood of these springs there is a slight smell of sulphurous acid, but no free sulphur is deposited. Some of them furnish a copious supply of boiling water, large

quantities of which enter the lake, and so perceptibly raise its temperature for a considerable distance around. Much gas and steam escape from a fissure caused by the sinking of a portion of the crust, while on the eastern part of the island are two well-defined craters, now filled with water.

Mono Lake is, during the summer, the resort of myriads of gulls and other aquatic birds, which are most numerous during the breeding season, but the water is believed to be entirely destitute of life, with the exception of a small crustacean, *Artemia fertilis*, nearly related to the so-called brine shrimp (*Artemia salina*) found in the strong brine of the salt-pans on European coasts, and the *koo-chah-bee* of the Indians, a whitish larva, occurring in immense quantities, and which is much esteemed by them as an article of food.

Stretching south of the lake is a chain of extinct volcanoes, presenting the form of truncated cones, of which the generally steep sides are covered with ashes and other loose materials. Obsidian and pumice are abundant on the surface of these cones, and also cover the plains at their base.

Owen's Valley is a narrow basin lying south of Mono Lake, and running nearly north and south for a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. Its average width may be taken at ten miles. It is bounded along its western edge by the Sierra Nevada, which in this portion of its course presents an almost unbroken wall, of which the highest peak, opposite Owen's Lake, reaches an elevation of fifteen thousand feet. No pass crosses it at a less height than eleven thousand feet, and near the lake-shore the descent from the summit to the valley beneath must have an average inclination of at least one thousand feet per mile, the distance being from ten to eleven miles, and the difference of level between the highest point of the pass and the valley being from ten thousand five hundred to eleven thousand feet.

On the eastern side of this valley are the Inyo Mountains, towards its southern end, and the White Mountains further north. This range is dry and desert-like, and not a single stream of any size flows from it into Owen's Valley, which is exclusively watered by the melting of the snows accumulated during the winter months on the eastern slope of the Sierra. Owen's River rises a short distance from the source of the San Joaquin, and, after flowing for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, falls into Owen's Lake in

lat. $36^{\circ} 20m. N.$, long. $118^{\circ} W.$ from Greenwich. This lake, of which the water is exceedingly saline and strongly alkaline, is twenty miles long and eight wide. It has no visible outlet, and its shores are often thickly coated with a snow-like alkaline incrustation.

No fish inhabits its water, but *koo-chah-bee* is abundant, and at certain seasons is carried in by the waves and deposited on the shores in layers of several inches in thickness. This was formerly collected in large quantities by the Indians, and, after being dried in the sun, rubbed between the hands and roughly winnowed, was crushed in a stone mortar, and made into a sort of bread, which furnished an important article of food. This insect, which has been described as a white grub, is also found abundantly in the waters of Great Salt Lake, Utah, and those of other saline and alkaline lakes of the West, and appears to be the larva of a two-winged fly which is described by the late Professor Torrey under the name of *Ephydra Californica*, and by Dr. A. S. Packard as *Ephydra gracilis*.*

A specimen of water taken from Owen's Lake, in January, 1866, had a specific gravity of 1.076, and contained 7128.24 grains of solid matter per gallon. The composition of this residue was found, calculated on an imperial gallon, to be as follows:—

Chloride of sodium . . .	2942.05
Sulphate of sodium . . .	956.80
Carbonate of sodium . . .	2914.43
Sulphate of potassium . . .	122.94
Phosphate of potassium . . .	35.74
Silicate of potassium . . .	139.34
Organic matter . . .	16.94

7128.24

In addition to the substances above enumerated, iodine was present, but only in such minute proportion that its amount could not be estimated. It is also to be observed that, since, for convenience of carriage, the sample of this water operated on was reduced by evaporation to one-fourth of its original bulk before being brought to this country for analysis, it is probable that some alkaline sesquicarbonates may have been originally present.

The incrustations which at certain periods of the year accumulate to the extent of many hundreds of tons on the shores of this lake, mainly consist of carbonates of sodium, in which the proportion of ses-

* See Hayden, "Geological Survey of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, 1872," p. 744.

quicarbonate is somewhat variable; in some specimens examined monocarbonates were alone present. Besides carbonates of sodium, these deposits contain three per cent. of chloride of sodium, and about five per cent. of sulphate of sodium, together with traces of silica.

It was proposed some years since to erect works on the eastern shore of Owen's Lake, for the purpose of refining this deposit, for the manufacture of merchantable carbonate of sodium; but whether this idea was ever carried out I am not aware. The only serious obstacles to the success of such an enterprise would appear to arise from scarcity of fuel, and the great distance of the lake from a shipping port.

As this lake continuously receives the waters of a considerable and constantly flowing river, while it has no apparent outlet, it follows that it must act the part of a huge evaporating basin, in which the salts introduced by the not apparently saline water of Owen's River become concentrated to an alkaline brine. The rocks on either side of the valley through which the river flows are, to a very large extent, composed of granites, lavas, and basalts, from the decomposition of the felspars in which the alkaline salts of the lake have doubtless been derived. The very small proportion of potassium salts present in these waters is remarkable, for although from the circumstance of the felspars of the district being to a large extent trichlinic, sodium might be expected largely to predominate, still so great a disproportion in the respective amounts of the two alkalis could scarcely have been anticipated. This circumstance may perhaps, to some extent, be accounted for by supposing the potassium salts to have been largely assimilated by plants during the percolation of the waters containing them through vegetable soil, while the salts of sodium, not having been thus arrested, have passed into the river, and thence into the lake.

Owen's, like Mono Lake, was at one time much more extensive than it is at present; this is evident from the occurrence of a series of parallel terraces, plainly traceable on each side of the valley. In addition to these lakes, numerous alkaline lagunes and boiling springs are met with throughout this region.

The *Artemia fertilis*, before referred to as being plentiful in Mono Lake, is also exceedingly abundant in Owen's Lake. A peculiarity of this crustacean is that it congregates into masses which have often a strange appearance in the water. These

masses sometimes stretch out in such a way as to have the form of a serpent, while at others they represent circles or various irregular figures. A gentle breeze scarcely affects water filled by *Artemia*, so that while on all sides the water is slightly ruffled, that which is occupied by these dense aggregations remains perfectly smooth, thus indicating the figure of the mass. On placing some of these crustaceans in a bottle filled with lake water, for the purpose of preserving them for subsequent microscopical examination, it was found that those which died rapidly disappeared, and on closely examining what had taken place, it soon became evident that as soon as vitality had ceased, chemical action was set up, and the animal gradually dissolved in the strongly alkaline brine.

Burton Springs are situated at the extreme northern point of Owen's Valley. These springs rise from the earth over an area of about eighty square feet, which forms a basin or pond that pours its heated waters into a narrow creek. In this basin a vegetable growth is developed at a temperature of about 160° F., and is continued into the creek to a distance of about a hundred yards from the springs; where, at a temperature of about 120° F., the algæ grow to a length of over two feet, looking like bunches of waving hair of a beautiful green color. Below the temperature of 100° F., these plants cease to grow, and give way to a slimy fungus, which is also green in color, but finally disappears, as the temperature of the water decreases. Dr. J. H. Wood, junr., who has carefully examined this growth, makes the following observations with regard to it:—"This plant certainly belongs to the *Nostochaceæ*, and seems a sort of connecting link between the genera *Hormosiphon* of Kützing and *Nostoc*.

"The best algologists now refuse to recognize the former group as generally distinct, and the characters presented by this plant seem to corroborate this view.

"The species appears to be an undescribed one, and I would propose for it the specific name *Caladarium*, which is suggested by its place of growth."*

Twenty miles south from Owen's Lake, across a sage-brush and grease-wood waste, the surface of which is plentifully strewn with fragments of lava, pumice, and basalt, is Little Lake. This sheet of water, which is of comparatively small extent, is surrounded by huge masses of

* *Silliman's Journal*, vol. xlv. 1868, p. 33.

contorted vesicular lava, and evidently occupies the cavity of an ancient volcanic vent. The waters of this lake are considerably less alkaline than those of Owen's Lake, but bubbles of carbonic acid make their way to its surface in almost uninterrupted streams.

Fifteen miles east from this point are numerous hot springs; the path for the greater portion of this distance lies over lava-flows, which render travelling slow and fatiguing. At the principal group of springs the ground is covered, over a large extent, by innumerable cones of plastic mud, varying in height from a few inches to several feet; these rise above the surface of a seething swamp, and give issue to steam and jets of boiling water. In some cases the steam and gases, instead of issuing from cones as above described, are evolved under the surface of water and mud contained in basin-shaped reservoirs formed in the decomposed rock. By these means are produced multitudes of boiling cauldrons in which violent ebullition keeps clay in a constant state of suspension; this clay varies in color from bluish grey to bright red. The waters of these springs are much employed by the Indians as an embrocation for the cure of diseases of the eye; on examination they were found to contain forty-eight grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which amount twenty-six grains are sulphate of aluminium; in addition they contain lime, soda, potash, and a little free sulphuric acid.

Borates of sodium and calcium occur in various localities in North America. The two borax lakes are both situated near the shores of Clear Lake in Lake County, California, seventy miles northwest of the port of Suscol, and one hundred and ten from the city of San Francisco.

The larger of these lakes is separated from Clear Lake by a low ridge of volcanic materials loosely packed together, and consisting of scoria, obsidian, and pumice; it has an average area of about three hundred acres. Its extent however varies considerably at different periods of the year, as its waters cover a larger area in spring than during the autumnal months. No stream flows into its basin, which derives its supply of water partly from drainage from the surrounding hills, and partly from subterranean springs, discharging themselves into the bottom of the lake. In ordinary seasons its depth thus varies from five feet in the month of April to two feet at the end of October.

The borax occurs in the form of crystals

of various dimensions imbedded in the mud of the bottom, which is found to be most productive to a depth of about three and a half feet, although a bore-hole which was sunk near its centre to the depth of sixty feet afforded a certain amount of the salt throughout its whole extent.

The crystals thus occurring are most abundant near the centre of the lake, and extend over an area equivalent to one-third of its surface; they are, however, also met with in smaller quantities in the muddy deposits of other portions of the basin. The largest crystals, some of which are considerably above a pound in weight, are generally enclosed in a stiff blue clay, at a depth of between three and four feet; and a short distance above them is a nearly pure stratum, from two to three inches in thickness, of smaller ones; in addition to which crystals of various sizes are disseminated through the blue clayey deposit of which the bottom consists.

Besides the borax thus existing in a crystallized form, the mud itself is highly charged with that salt, and, according to an analysis by Dr. Oxland, affords, when dried, in those portions of the lake which have been worked (including the enclosed crystals), 17.73 per cent. Another analysis of an average sample, by Mr. G. E. Moore, of San Francisco, yielded 18.86 per cent. of crystallized borax. In addition to this the deposit at the bottom of the other portions of the basin, although less productive, still contains a large amount of borax.

Water collected from Borax Lake, in September, 1863, was found by Mr. Moore to contain 2401.56 grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which about one-half was common salt, one quarter carbonate of sodium, and the remainder chiefly anhydrous borax, equal to 535.08 grains of crystallized salt to the gallon. Traces of iodine and bromine were also detected. A sample of water taken from the interior of a coffer-dam sunk in the middle of the lake, and which had been allowed to fill by percolation from the bottom upwards, was found to be more concentrated, yielding 3573.46 grains of solid matter to the gallon, but it contained the same ingredients, and in nearly the same proportions, as the water from the lake itself. When evaporated to dryness, this water yields a considerable quantity of finely divided carbon, resulting from the various organic bodies which have been dissolved in it.

Mud from the bottom of Borax Lake is in high repute among the local Indians as an *insecticide*, and is used in the follow-

ing way. The head of the patient is thickly plastered with mud, which is well rubbed in, and then allowed to become perfectly dry; when dry it is removed by rubbing between the hands, and with it disappears the colony of parasites. Ordinary clay is, under pressure of circumstances, sometimes employed for this process of shampooing, but when alkaline or boracic mud is available, it is considered more efficacious.

When this locality was visited by me in 1866, borax was manufactured exclusively from the native crystals of crude salt, while the mud in which they were found was returned to the lake after a mechanical separation of the crystals by washing. The extraction of boracic mud was effected by the aid of sheet-iron coffer-dams. The only apparatus employed consisted of a raft, covered by a shingled roof, provided with an aperture in its centre about fifteen feet square, above which were hung, by suitable tackle, four coffer-dams, each six feet square in horizontal section, and nine feet in depth. This raft, or barge, was successively moored in parallel lines across the surface of the lake, and at each station the four dams were sunk simultaneously by their own weight into the mud forming the bottom.

When they had thus become well imbedded, the water was baled out, and the mud and crystals removed by means of buckets, into rectangular washing-vats, into which a continuous stream of water was introduced from the lake by Chinese pumps, the contents being at the same time constantly agitated by the aid of wooden rakes. In this way the muddy water continually flowed off, finally leaving a certain amount of crude borax at the bottom of each tank; this was purified by re-crystallization. From the density acquired by the seventy thousand gallons of water daily employed for this purpose, it is evident that only about one-half of the borax existing in the form of crystals was thus obtained, while the mud was again returned to the lake.

Instead of the coffer-dams, a small hand-dredging machine, worked, like the former, by Chinese labor, was subsequently introduced; but the mud brought up by it was subjected to the wasteful process of washing before described.

The crystals of crude borax thus daily obtained amounted to about three thousand pounds; these were dissolved in boiling water, and re-crystallized in large lead-lined vessels, from which the purified salt was removed to be packed into boxes, each

containing one hundred and fourteen pounds, in which it was forwarded to San Francisco. The loss of weight experienced in the process of purification amounted to about thirteen per cent.

Shortly after my visit in 1866, the manufacture of refined borax at "Big Borax Lake" was suspended, and I am not aware whether it has now been resumed, but the works do not appear to have been in operation in 1874.

Little Borax Lake covers an area of about thirty acres, and is usually dry during the months of September and October; it is then covered by a white crust, which is collected by Chinese laborers, and carried to the works, where it is refined by re-crystallization. *Ulexite*, a double borate of sodium and calcium, is brought to this place from Wadsworth, in the state of Nevada—a great distance, with several transshipments—to be treated at these works; it appears that on account of the presence of carbonate of sodium, and the cheapness of fuel, this can be done more cheaply here than in Nevada.

Clear Lake is a large and picturesque sheet of water, twenty-five miles long by about seven wide, surrounded by mountains, which in many places rise abruptly from the water's edge. Boat-life on this lake is delightful; the water is smooth, there is usually a sufficient breeze for sailing, and should it fall calm, an Indian can always be hired to row.

Lying about a mile beyond the ridge which borders Borax Lake on the northeast, and at the foot of a shorter arm of Clear Lake, which extends off to the southward parallel with the larger one, is an interesting locality, known as the "Sulphur Bank." It is some six or seven acres in extent, and consists of a much-decomposed volcanic rock traversed by innumerable fissures, which has become almost covered by a large accumulation of sulphur.

From the fissures steam and gas are constantly issuing, and over and through the mass large quantities of sulphur have been deposited in such a way that at a short distance the whole bank appears to consist of this substance. Into some of these cavities a pole may be inserted for a distance of several feet, and they are often lined with stalactites and beautiful crystallizations of sulphur.

Sulphur is being constantly deposited, and its deposition is attended by the evolution of carbonic and boric acids. The gaseous matters issuing from these crevices appear to be the agency by which the

various substances now deposited in the cavities have been brought to the surface. Sulphur is deposited on the sides of the various fissures either in the form of crystals, or as amorphous translucent masses of a beautiful yellow color. It is sometimes intermixed with cinnabar, the presence of which was first discovered by Dr. Oxland; but more frequently with minute cubical crystals of iron pyrites. Pulverulent silica, blackened by some hydrocarbon resembling coal-tar, is also frequently observed.

On the sides of the cavities colloid silica is found coating chalcedony and opalescent quartz in the various stages of formation, from the gelatinous state to that of the hardest opal. The indurated material is sometimes colorless, but is more frequently permeated by cinnabar and iron pyrites, or blackened by the tarry matter before referred to. Cinnabar is also found in laminæ, and occasionally even in veins and concretionary masses of considerable thickness.

In addition to being employed as a source of sulphur, this deposit has been worked for quicksilver, and has produced large quantities of that valuable metal.

On the shore of Clear Lake, near the Sulphur Bank, is a hot spring, of which the outlets, even when the water is low, are partially beneath the lake, so that the amount flowing from it cannot be ascertained. Hot water, however, rises through the sand at various points extending over a considerable area. A specimen of water collected by Mr. Moore from this spring was found by him to contain 184.62 grains of common salt, 76.96 grains of bicarbonate of sodium, 36.37 grains of free carbonic anhydride, 103.29 grains of borax, and 107.76 grains of bicarbonate of ammonium, in an imperial gallon; besides silica, alumina, and traces of various other substances.

Professor Whitney remarks with regard to this spring: "The most extraordinary feature in the above analysis is the very large amount of ammoniacal salts shown to be present in this water, in this respect exceeding any natural-spring water which has ever been analyzed. Mr. Moore thinks that, as in the case of the boracic-acid waters of Tuscany, this ammoniacal salt may be separated and made available for economical purposes. This locality is worthy of a most careful examination, to ascertain how considerable a flow of water can be depended on."*

* Geological Survey of California, p. 100.

Dr. A. Blatchly, of San Francisco, in speaking of the Geyser group of quicksilver mines, says: "Nearly all these veins contain iron in considerable amounts, frequently in sufficient quantities to constitute an ore of iron. Gold, silver, and copper are also frequently constituents of these lodes, and occasionally chrome iron in considerable quantities. But, so far as is known, in no instance have the precious metals been sufficiently abundant to pay for the expense of extraction.

"Bitumen is found in nearly all these veins, sometimes a deposit of a gallon or two in one cavity.

"Thermal springs are numerous throughout the whole quicksilver region, and the uniformity of their occurrence leads prospectors to the belief that there is an intimate relation between the causes which generate thermal springs, and produce deposits of cinnabar, and that where one is found the other may probably occur in the vicinity."*

On the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, near Walker's Pass, borax is found in what appears to be the bed of an ancient lake, large crystals of this substance having been met with in a hardened mud, exactly resembling those found in the blue clay of Borax Lake. By far the largest amount of borax is, however, obtained from the indurated mud, where it exists in common with other salts. This mud, from which borax is separated by lixiviation, contains about half its weight of that salt, and is a light, clay-like body, having a strongly saline and alkaline taste. The portion insoluble in water effervesces on being attacked by hydrochloric acid, and contains silica, alumina, lime, ferrous oxide, and magnesia. Similar deposits containing borax exist in Panamint and Death's Valley, in lower Nevada; but these desolate districts have not as yet received so careful an examination as they deserve.

About twenty miles west of San Bernardino is the so-called "Cane Spring District," where ulexite and boronatrocalcite is found, over an area about ten miles in width by fifteen in length. The surface of the ground is covered by efflorescent salts, commonly known as "alkali," beneath which the borax salts (chiefly ulexite) are found at a depth of only a few inches.

At Hot Springs, in the northwestern portion of the state of Nevada, at a height of forty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and where the water issuing

* "Mineral Resources West of the Rocky Mountains," 1875, p. 176. Raymond.

from the ground has a temperature of about 190° Fahr., there are deposits of boronatrocalcite, extending over considerable areas. Here, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is seen but barren mountains, formed of a black, porous lava; while the valleys are covered by an efflorescence of a mixture of common salt and sulphate and carbonate of sodium. In other cases the sands of these mountain valleys contain deposits of more or less pure boronatrocalcite.

Geysers and hot springs are numerous in the whole of this district, and from the number of extinct geyser vents still visible, they were, probably, at one time much more numerous than at present.

The analysis of an average sample of the boracic material from Nevada afforded Mr. Loew the following results:—

Boronatrocalcite	22'13
Chloride of sodium	2'80
Sulphate of sodium	2'62
Sulphate of calcium	6'17
Carbonate of calcium	3'01
Carbonate of magnesium	79
Clay	19'70
Quartzose sand	26'03
Water	15'04
Traces of potash, iodine, and loss	1'71

100'00 *

The purification of crude borax (*tinca*) is effected by a simple re-crystallization, but the preparation of marketable borax from boronatrocalcite is attended with considerable difficulty, more particularly as the appliances available in the remote deserts in which it occurs are of the most primitive and limited description.

When boronatrocalcite is moderately pure, it is first ground and subsequently dissolved in water, with the addition of an amount of carbonate of sodium sufficient to effect the decomposition of the calcic carbonate present.

The solution is subsequently heated, and the carbonate of calcium allowed to subside, when the liquor is drawn off, and, after concentration, borax is obtained by crystallization.

Unfortunately, this mineral often contains notable quantities of gypsum, which transforms an equivalent amount of carbonate of sodium into Glauber salt, a relatively valueless product. This salt is also frequently present in the material operated upon, and thus materially adds to the difficulty of treatment. In order to avoid these difficulties, it has been pro-

posed to treat native boronatrocalcite with sufficient sulphuric acid to transform the whole of the carbonate of calcium into gypsum, and to liberate boric acid, to be subsequently saturated by carbonate of sodium. Boronatrocalcite has also been treated with excess of hydrochloric acid, in order to obtain crystallized boric acid, but neither of these processes has hitherto afforded satisfactory commercial results.

The comparatively recent discovery of large quantities of this substance in Nevada will, no doubt, eventually to some extent, affect the Tuscan producers of boric acid; but the fact that crude boronatrocalcite varies considerably in its composition, and that it is found in situations in which its local treatment would be almost impossible, has hitherto prevented this mineral from being extensively employed as a source of commercial borax.

From The Spectator.

THE STORING OF LITERARY POWER.

MR. GLADSTONE, in replying for "the interests of literature" at the Royal Academy, intimated that we must not expect to see soon again so great a literary period as that which commenced with the peace of 1815; but beyond intimating that the immediate future was likely to be an age of research rather than one of expression, he gave no hint of the reasons which are likely, in his opinion, to prevent the present day from becoming a day of great literary splendor. Yet one reason, at all events, is conspicuous why this should not be so, and one, we fear, which is not likely to diminish, but rather to increase in influence,—we mean, and our reason will only seem paradoxical to those who have not thought much on these subjects, the very great and increasing facilities for literary expression, which prevent anything like large reserves of feeling and thought from accumulating till they acquire sufficient mass to produce great individual effects. Yet almost every great literary period in the world has been one following a long period of repression, and consequently of accumulation. When Athens first opened the sluices of literary life and power, the world awoke almost for the first time to the conception of literary freedom, and to the full power of human thought and language. The revival of learning was a period of similar awakening after a long pressure of the yoke of ecclesiastical restraint. The glory of Elizabethan litera-

* *Moniteur Scientifique*, 1876, p. 1230.

ture was the fruit of the long-brooding life of the Middle Ages. And the great literary era to which Mr. Gladstone referred was chiefly due to that sudden break-up of the conventionalisms of the eighteenth century, caused by the French Revolution; for the long reign of a literary oligarchy or aristocracy, and the habit which such an aristocracy forms of constraining into fixed channels the life and taste of the rising generation, are at least as effective for a considerable period in restricting and, as it were, banking up many kinds and moods of feeling, as that direct discouragement of all literary expression which precedes the first burst of a new literature. But in our own day the enormous facilities for expressing everything that is felt, and for fostering much that is not really felt, but only fancied as possible to be felt, useful as they are for spreading equally among all classes the culture hitherto attained, are positive premiums on literary diffuseness, feebleness, and attenuation. Just as a perfect system of drainage, if completed without proper arrangements for storing rain, carries back far too soon all the water-supply through millions of rivulets to the great streams, and through the great streams to the ocean, so a perfect organization of facilities for expression carries off far too soon everything in the shape of literary feeling and thought into the public mind, without giving it time to grow to what is great and forcible. And this tendency to multiplying the dwindling runlets of literary power, instead of multiplying those great reservoirs of the imagination by which alone the highest life can be fed, is increased to a very great extent, by the gradual relaxation of that stern discipline of childhood and youth which marked almost all the ages up to our own. We are far from pleading for that stern discipline, for it is certain that many good effects of this relaxation — perhaps better in their total result than this one evil effect — could be adduced. The young people who are thus relieved from the high pressure of discipline imposed on former generations certainly grow up in many respects more amiable and more reasonable, less moody, less self-willed, and less passionate than their fathers. But they too often grow up also less strenuous and with much less stored power. It is the damming-up of dribbles of feeling and thought which really creates great supplies of such feeling and thought. It is the resistance to cherished purposes which accumulates these purposes into something capable of striking the eye and the imagination. As Dr. Newman long ago said, —

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng.
They will condense within thy soul,
And swell to purpose strong.
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

And what is true of moral purpose is equally true of literary impressions. It is the age of reserve which prepares the way for the age of literary splendor; it is the youth of brooding thoughts and emotions which prepares the way for the manhood of great genius. And unquestionably the lighter pressure under which children are now placed during the time of discipline, the larger amount of sympathy which they now attract, that *cultus* of children which makes the loneliness of childhood and youth comparatively so rare, while they produce a great number of good effects, do also produce this bad effect, — that there is far less opportunity than there was for the silent maturing of strong purposes and deep feelings.

It is curious enough to note in such lives as we have just had of Miss Martineau and Miss Brontë how the very conditions which seem to have produced the peculiar strength they had, are just those which it is the tendency of the feelings excited by their writings to render rarer and feebler for the future. Miss Martineau complains of the want of sympathy for children manifested in her home in her youth, and the terrible aggravation of those evils caused later by the unwise mode in which her deafness was treated, so as to isolate her even more completely from her fellow-creatures than she would otherwise have been isolated. Yet we strongly believe that these were just the conditions which enabled powers of not very much more than ordinary calibre to produce really great results of their kind. No doubt she "kept silence, yea, even from good words," and "it was pain and grief" to her, but it was during this enforced silence that the "fire kindled," and when at last she spoke with her tongue, she spoke with the accumulated force of years of brooding; and if the present writer's judgment is worth anything, it was much more this, than the natural power and breadth of her imagination and understanding, which made her what she undoubtedly was, — a very remarkable woman of her kind, who, with less repression in childhood and less deprivation in youth, might have been but a clever woman, and nothing more. Yet the remarkable effect produced by repression, reticence, and re-

serve in accumulating power is still more curiously illustrated in the lives of the Brontës, especially Emily and Charlotte. Of course, reserve and slow accumulation will do little for powers which are from the beginning thoroughly commonplace, as was apparently the case with Anne Brontë. But how much they will do for women of real genius, who are yet not women of such great breadth and luxuriance of imagination that, spread themselves as they may, their imagination would still work vividly, the very interesting story which Mr. T. W. Reid has just told us of the Brontës,* by way of supplement to Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte, shows with very great force. The highest power of reserve which was probably ever concentrated in any human life whose outlines are well known to us, was that under the steady stress of which Emily Brontë's short career was passed. She, like her sisters, lived with a father of whom they were afraid, amidst wild and gloomy moors, where they had no companions but themselves, yet, unlike her sisters, she could hardly tell even to them the imaginations of her own heart. We are told by Mr. Reid how hopeless her efforts proved to enter into anything like the ordinary intercourse with her fellow-creatures,—how again and again she returned home after efforts to gain her own bread, which failed solely from her complete failure to open easy relations with her kind,—how in her last illness she would not admit even to her sisters her illness till within two hours of her death, but then whispered faintly, "If you send for a doctor, I will see him now," when she was almost in the agonies of death. In Emily Brontë the restraining power of reserve assuredly amounted to something very near mental disease. Yet what a wonderful force it gave to her genius! Highly as Mr. Reid appreciates "Wuthering Heights," he almost makes one laugh at him as if he were thoroughly unable to appreciate it, when he compares it even for a moment with such trash as Lord Lytton's "Strange Story." The passage he quotes, for instance, from "Wuthering Heights" as to the way in which Catherine's image haunted Heathcliff after her death, is, when compared with anything Lord Lytton ever achieved, like a stroke of lightning to the glimmer of a rush-light. There is more concentrated fire and power in

that weird, wild tale, not merely than in all the pinchbeck novels Lord Lytton ever wrote (which is saying nothing), but than in any single story known to us in the English language. The capacity for expressing imaginative intensity surpasses to our mind any achievement in the same space in the whole of our prose literature. We should rank "Wuthering Heights"—eccentric and lurid as it is—as an effort of genius, far above not only "Villette," which seems to us Charlotte Brontë's greatest effort, but "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is the nearest thing to it in Sir Walter Scott's imaginative writings. In "Wuthering Heights" the concentrated power of a great imagination gave one brilliant flash and disappeared. No doubt the repressive force of Emily Brontë's reserve was something like a disease, but it had the effect of storing imaginative power as nothing else in the world could have stored it, and no one who reads all that is told of her could suppose for a moment that had her reserve been less than it was, we should ever have had that one great flash of genius. Doubtless she would have been broader, happier, in many respects a truer woman, than she was, if she had had more channels of communication with her kind, but her genius would hardly have effected any one thing so great; she might have been far wider; she could not have been so intense; she would never have gazed so deeply into those evil eyes of Heathcliff's—eyes seen only in her reveries, and never in real life—which she so finely describes as "the cloudy windows of hell," if she had not stored up all the elastic force of her reverie into that one single creative effort. And so with Charlotte Brontë's genius; it certainly reached its acme when her life was at its loneliest, when she was robbed of the sympathy of both of her sisters. "Villette" is almost as much greater than "Shirley" or "Jane Eyre" as "The Bride of Lammermoor," written in pain and under stress of illness, was greater than "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth."

We hold, then, that the great facilities for expression—the great stimulus given to expression by our intensely literary age, and to expression which anticipates the proper ripening of the feeling and thought to be expressed—are really considerable obstacles to the development of that high literary power for which Mr. Gladstone is compelled to look back to a generation when the intellectual life was far more sharply kept under, and far less constantly fostered than it is now.

* Charlotte Brontë: a Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co.